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An Invitation to Try the "J.B." Pen. *See Page 14.*

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Total up a lifetime's rent of the house you now occupy, and you will realise that our system of house purchase by means of easy instalments offers the finest possible investment.

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JOHN BULL

VOL. XXV. No. 665. SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1919. TWOPENCE.

[*Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.*]

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

WILSON STOOPING THE POOL

BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

Begin and finish the day, with

MILKMAID CAFÉ AU LAIT.

No complaint on the grounds of strength, nor yet on the strength of the "grounds."

Made in England by the well-known firm of Nestlé and sold everywhere.

CASH PRICE PER TIN:—
6d., 11½d. and 1/10

Freemans Custard

WITH STEWED RHUBARB

Rhubarb, either "forced" or garden-grown, always provides a welcome and a health-giving dish. Add to it Freemans Custard, and you have a delightful, nourishing sweet for luncheon, dinner or supper.

Freemans Custard, like all other Freemans Food Products, contains definite nourishment in its *purest* and most delicious form.

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(Managing Director—G. HAVINDEN),
Boisseliers (Boy-ss-e-a) Chocolates, Vi-Cocoa, and Freemans Food Products,
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Made in Delectaland
where Pure Foods come from.

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INGERSOLL RADIOLITE 15/-

A Matchless Invention

The 24-hour-a-day Watch

DARKNESS adds discomfort, and this is one of the reasons why so many people are buying Ingersoll Radiolite Watches to-day. A watch that tells the time as distinctly in pitch-black darkness as it will in the full light of day is the kind of watch that everybody will want once its value is brought home to them.

Ingersoll Watches keep accurate time, are built for wear, look handsome, and are inexpensive.

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The only Radiolite is an Ingersoll Radiolite. An Ingersoll "Radiolite" is the most welcome and useful gift you can send to anyone who needs a watch which tells the time day and night.

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Sold by thousands of shopkeepers throughout the Kingdom; but if your dealer cannot supply you, any Ingersoll model will be sent post free upon receipt of price.

Handsome Illustrated Catalogue sent post free.

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INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Ltd.
(Dept. 353), 170, Regent Street, London, W.1.

"Jack's coming home to-night"

Let's give him a warm welcome with Rowntree's Elect Cocoa

Sleeplessness and Indigestion

Grateful Sufferers, Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets Testify for the Benefit of Others.

Acute Indigestion.

Mr. T. G. Godsell (ex-soldier), 139, Wakefield Street, Katherine Road, East Ham, London, E., writes:—"I began to suffer from indigestion, and suffered such pain that I dreaded eating. Headaches troubled me constantly, and I could keep nothing down. I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and the first few doses relieved me. Soon I was as free from indigestion as ever in my life."

Awful Depression.

Mrs. Uhell, 4, Sheffield St., Quarry Bank, Brierey Hill, Staffs., says:—"I was weak, nervous, and sleepless, and got thin and unable to eat. I had all sorts of gloomy forebodings, and was so ill I had to take to bed. At last I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and they gave me new strength. Rapidly my health came back until I was quite cured."

Lost Sleep.

Mr. Geo. L. Joseph, 14, Wharfedale Road King's Cross, London, says:—"After nearly two years o active service I broke down in nerve and body. I had violent headaches and lost sleep and appetite. I was diagnosed with neurasthenia, and the depression I suffered was terrible. Then I tried Dr Cassell's Tablets, and they braced me up splendidly. Now I am back at work."

Write for full particulars of any of the above cases.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the recognised Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	Sleeplessness	Wasting Disease
Nerve Paralysis	Anæmia	Palpitation
Infantile Paralysis	Kidney Trouble	Vital Exhaustion
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Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life; also after Influenza.

Sold by all Chemists throughout the British Empire. Home Prices: 1/3 and 3/-, the 3/- size being the more economical.

FREE INFORMATION as to the suitability of Dr. Cassell's Tablets in your case sent on request.—Address Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Chester Road, Manchester.

3/- for nothing—see "John Bull's" insurance offer on page 16.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXV. No. 665. Week ending Saturday, March 1st, 1919. Twopence.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL."

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The Mining Crisis.

We beg our readers to study the official report of the Conference between the Prime Minister and the representatives of the miners. It is a document of the first importance.

Whisky.

So, in deference to the demand of the doctors, the whisky supply is to be increased fifty per cent. But what about the price? The present limit is—well, a swindle.

Teetotalers, Beware!

By the way, did you notice that the madman who attacked Clemenceau boasts of having been a life-long teetotaler? *Verb. sap.*

Goodbye, Jellicoe!

The departure of Admiral Jellicoe on an extended Colonial mission follows with unfortunate haste upon the publication of his Jutland revelations. Are they glad to get him out of the way?

More Transport Scandals.

Terrible accounts reach us of the conditions in which some four thousand men were recently brought by boat to Tilbury, and also of the alarming number of deaths occurring at the hospital at Dunkirk as the result of pneumonia contracted whilst waiting for demobilisation.

"Killing the Goose."

We are glad to learn that our recent *Sunday Pictorial* article, "Don't Kill the Goose that Lays the Golden Eggs," has been reprinted and is being extensively circulated in Glasgow and elsewhere as anti-strike propaganda. And we don't mind a bit that its authorship is in no way acknowledged!

Truth and Justice.

We commend the following shrewd observations, from our contemporary *Justice*, apropos of the "idealism" of Mr. Wilson: "He is a very smart politician . . . and has an extremely difficult game to play just now. . . . he has to prepare the way for another Democratic victory, . . . and he can do so *only if he succeeds in securing the solid German vote.*" Think that over.

Lady Susan.

So Lady Susan Townley, wife of the British Minister at the Hague, simply "happened to be passing in her car" when the ex-Kaiser arrived in Holland. At least, such was the information vouchsafed to us, after much effort at evasion, by the Foreign Office. We now have reason to believe that if the full facts were published, no discredit of any kind would be found to attach to the incident. But Government Departments *will* prevaricate.

Mond, the Vandal.

We really must not let the Office of Works demolish that old Dutch Garden at Hampton Court. Surely Sir Alfred Mond will not be guilty of such vandalism!

"Names!"

Who were the "influential people" who did their best to prevent the deportation of Miss Ethel Brandes, former private and confidential secretary to Baroness Schroeder?

Expert Opinion.

According to the *Sunday Express*—which is not doing as well as was expected—we have "an outstanding genius for expressing the thoughts of 'the man in the pub.'" And yet we have never been "a Fleet Street journalist"!

Our Soldiers' Graves.

We really do not think there is now any obstacle in the way of affording special facilities to those who wish to visit the graves of their relatives in France. At any rate, a start should be made; feeling is very strong.

A Hint to New Members.

The new House of Commons is going mad in its greed for information from Ministers—and the Notice Paper is so overweighted that not half the questions are reached. Many of the subjects dealt with do not call for oral answer, and should not be starred.

The Public Trustee.

Our best wishes go out to Sir Charles Stewart on his resignation from the onerous office of Public Trustee. He is one of the few new officials of modern times who have "made good." And how we used to hate him—when he was Official Receiver in Companies Winding-up!

Our Seat.

Last week we ventured to express the view that, having secured and spoken from the first seat below the gangway on the Opposition side of the House, the amenities of the place would by now have recognised our right to it. But we reckoned without Mr. J. W. W. Hopkins, member for S.E. St. Pancras—who, in defiance of all tradition, thought it a clever thing to "pinch" it from us one day last week; and was duly rebuked by the Speaker for his bad taste.

Mr. Devlin's Suggestion.

By the way, there was subtle irony in the suggestion of our hon. friend Mr. Devlin that "in view of the need for a strong man on the Front Opposition Bench," we should at once "be made a Privy Councillor." The House much enjoyed the joke.

Where is He?

We refer to that literary reprobate St. wart Houston Chamberlain. And we might also, whilst about it, ask what has become of the pro-German hireling Frank Harris—deadest of journalistic wrong 'uns.

G. B. S. and Us.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw is not given to paying compliments, and we scarcely know what he is up to when he says we are "the natural leader of the House," and talks of us as a "Napoleon." However, we are doing pretty well, thank you!

Twice Two!

The Editor of the *Glasgow Evening Times*, apropos of a recent remark of ours that the present Parliament is the best in which we have sat, is good enough to say that "as a matter of fact" we have sat in only one. We commend the heading of this paragraph to our brother.

The Coming Boxing Boom.

There can be no question we are in for a tremendous boxing boom—in which for the moment the central figure is, of course, Georges Carpentier, the French wonder, who, by the way, is making his *debut* as a boxing journalist in the columns of the *National News*. We must look up Young Ahearn.

"An Unpardonable Outrage."

Such is the description by the *Huddersfield Daily Examiner* of our reference to the League of Nations idea as "idiotic nonsense." And then our dear brother confesses his regret that the Prime Minister "had not the courage" to rebuke us. But discretion *is* sometimes the better part of valour!

For Students.

There is nothing like figures for the political student. Here are some—about Ireland:—average size of an Irish constituency, 18,444; each Unionist represents 11,569 voters; each Nationalist, 30,563; each Sinn Feiner, 6,659. Of course there are a few decimal points to be thrown in, but we have given sufficient material for any amount of argument.

A Question of Taste.

The *Daily Chronicle* picks out our jocular allusion to the possibility of the Prime Minister making Sir Alfred Mond Minister of Education as the only good thing we said in the debate on the Ministers' Re-election Bill, and describes the rest as "sad stuff." Part of "the rest" was our suggestion that under the Bill the Prime Minister could discharge the whole of his Ministry and appoint whom he liked, without appeal to the country. 'Very "sad," certainly.

Colder than Charity.

The Master of Balliol College, Oxford, is a "personage" and the peat standing in his yard must have a special sanctity. Otherwise how could the merciful Mayor of Oxford sentence John Palmer, a man of 57, to two months' hard for taking a shillingsworth of it for a poor woman who is an old age pensioner? And it's been cruel cold lately!

Some Strike.

At a mass meeting of the workmen of the Teams By-Product Coke Co., Newcastle, it was decided not to work alongside Germans, the meeting being convinced that "they are not a fit class of people to mix in with Britishers, and that they are dangerous." If strikes are to be the order of the day this is the strike which we like best; and, if the worst comes to the worst, we will put our hat under our arm and join the procession.

£230,000 a Week.

Apart from the question of maintaining high prices to protect the hoard, public feeling is widespread and pronounced that the Food Control is putting every possible obstacle in the way of abolition because it wants to keep its job. It is now getting £230,000 a week out of the country, there or thereabouts, and an army of officials, male and female—most of them fussy—many of them foolish, and some of them fearful—buzz around the money like flies round a jampot.

Tenantless Houses.

There is a house-famine at Glasgow, as elsewhere, and among the sufferers from it are sailors and soldiers who had to give up their homes when called for service. Now, in Clydebank and Dalmuir there are plenty of empty houses, belonging to shipowners who refuse to let them to applicants because they are reserved for the possible needs of possible employees. It is a pity these owners will not sanction a tenancy, say of one year, to men of good service. To keep them empty is a dog-in-the-manger policy which the local authority may find means to circumvent.

A Widow's Woe.

A widow of 61 who, after defraying mortgage interest and other outgoings, obtains so lean a living out of a few workmen's dwellings that she has "not even a penny to spare for clothing or even some necessaries," bitterly complains of the deduction of income tax from her rents before they reach her. "The January rates came to £29, and this month there is this exorbitant tax, £13, to pay, so that I receive nothing till the March rents are due. Under these circumstances I have to exist; I cannot call it living." Another of the scandals for which the Treasury is responsible.

Cast Army Horses.

Despite the assurances of Ministers and Government officials from time to time, there is still ample reason to believe that a cruel fate awaits many hundreds of discarded Army horses. An officer sends us an auctioneer's poster from Saint Pol in the Pas de Calais, announcing the sale of 75 horses and mules which have served in the British Army. At the bottom of the poster is the sentence, "Aucun certificat ne sera demande."—No certificate will be requested; to scrape off the gloss, "If you buy the horses you can dispose of them as you will, and no questions asked." Significant this, surely?

To Stop Appeals?

Why should only the men successful before the Pensions Appeal Tribunal get fair compensation for loss of wages through their attendance on that body? If the appeal is quite frivolous perhaps the man should bear the loss; but not otherwise. As it stands the unsuccessful applicant gets his fare and a solitary bob! Some generosity!

Cathedral Sweating.

Indisputably there are a lot of fat livings in the Church, but not for the bedesmen, or guides, of Worcester Cathedral. The Dean and Chapter, who prefer colour-sergeants and sergeants of the Worcestershire Regiment for such posts, are offering £36 a year, or a fraction under 14s. a week, for keeping the Cathedral clean and showing the public the sights. And visitors are warned not to make gratuities to the guides, who are "paid by the Dean and Chapter"!

Too Old at 28.

Those high and mighty potentates, the Civil Service Commissioners, announced that their appointments would be reserved for men who had served the country. So one man, with high qualifications, who has fought in Europe, Asia, and Africa during the war, thought perhaps he filled the bill. But they turned him down. He is 28, and therefore too old for the Civil Service. There is irony in the bland assumption that a man of 28, while fit for military is unfit for civil service.

A Dowry for Engaged Soldiers!

We want to make an appeal for the young soldiers who are engaged to be married. Some of them might have married when the man joined up, in which case the wife would have been drawing separation allowance all the while. As it is, the nest egg that was saved up in 1914 for the home is now woefully insufficient to satisfy the profiteering furniture dealers. And so it seems that the poor young things (there are thousands of them) must call it off. Let the country give them a dowry of £50 and its blessing! Do we want to tax bachelordom or marriage?

Grateful and Comforting.

Mr. Justice Younger has sat on the Eccles Corporation with all his weight, and it must be grateful and comforting to school teachers that said Corporation has been so effectively squashed. With the permission of her superior Miss Martin, a teacher, left school for two hours to see her *fiancee* off to the Front. For this, and this alone, the draconic disciplinarians who compose the Eccles Education Authority gave her notice to leave—a most monstrous abuse of their powers. On trial the Judge held that the notice was inoperative, and they have now probably learned a lesson they badly needed. Unfortunately the ratepayers will have to pay the lawyers' fees for it.

Taking a Liberty.

Something they call a fountain pen is pushed by L. Wilson and Co., Watson Branch, 24, Mount Pleasant, Liverpool, by what they themselves term "unorthodox methods." To traders who never ask for the things they, in their own words, "take the liberty of sending" two dozen pens, at 8s. a dozen. A month later they send an invoice for 16s.—"terms net cash on receipt of invoice." Shopkeepers may know that Wilson and Co. forward the things at their own risk, and should send for them if they want them back. The invoice is part of their bluff.

Gorleston Gas.

The Gorleston and Southtown Gas Co. only wishes to stick 33⅓ per cent. on to its present prices, raising the charge from 4s. 9d. per 1,000 ft. to 6s. 4d. "Only that, and nothing more"—at present. As coal can be carried to Gorleston cheaper than it can to London, we are not surprised to learn that the Town Clerk characterised the imposition as neither just nor reasonable. Having explained what it is not, he can express in one word what it is.

What about the Wrafs!

Though the boys are being rapidly demobilised now, what about the girls? Nobody seems to be making any fuss about them; hence anxious enquiries from the Women's Royal Air Force. "Up to the present mum's the word," write "Motor Drivers of the W.R.A.F.," "and we have no idea whether we are to be demobilised or when. As it is, we are absolutely in the dark, and can make no plans for the future." Fair is fair, and this is not anything like fair.

Fares and Travellers.

Though in the opinion of the Railway Executive Committee commercial travellers have no more claim to special consideration on the railways than any other class of business men, the present fares do press on them with special hardship, as the week-end often finds them a long journey away from home. To illustrate: A week-end ticket from Leicester was 8s. in 1913; to-day it is 24s.—three times as much. The knights of the road do not travel for pleasure, and week-end tickets ought to be issued to them.

A Bad Job.

Woman's work is going cheap, in Paddington, if women are foolish enough to take it. An advertiser, McCarthy, Pindock Mews, Warwick Avenue, announces that he wants a "Woman to clean Lamps in motor garage; hours, 7.30 a.m. to 2 p.m." For that job and those hours he is skinflint enough to offer 2s. 6d. a day, which works out at 4½d. an hour, with ¾d. a day war bonus—find your own sweat. If women accept such terms, no wonder men are idle.

Abolish Business Licensing!

Mr. George Saunders, mercantile mariner, who volunteered in 1917 and was on transport duty at the Dardanelles, Salonica and elsewhere, until discharged suffering from heart disease and without a pension or gratuity, opened a cycle shop in August last at Maidenhead and purchased all necessaries. He did not know a licence was required. He has a wife and two small children. The permit has been refused (presumably because there are other cycle shops near by), but the National Service Ministry is prepared to consider favourably an application relating to another locality. A crying shame we call it.

Bilked of their Bonus.

Officers and others who sailed the *Beacon Grange* have done valiant service, bringing food hither despite all danger. They have fought a Hun submarine for hours on end. But when the ship was in dock at Cardiff unloading and refitting, they were informed their war-risk bonus of £3 a month would be stopped while in port, and that portions of it already paid must be refunded. Such treatment is all the more outrageous in face of the fact that shore-workers and others, now engaged on the vessel, who have faced no war risks, are still receiving the bonus filched from men who have royally earned it.

Wheels within Wheels.

There is a chance of sorts for somebody who loves the simple life and wet at the Moat Farm, Walsgrave - on - Sowe. "Wanted," advertises the occupant thereof, "experienced wagoner. Applicant must be prepared to live in the garden, like Adam, pending the Government housing scheme." Would apparently suit a demobilised soldier who has got rid of his khaki but whose tailor hasn't yet delivered his civies. But where in all the land shall he find his Eve to make for herself an apron of figleaves?

An Ordinary Story.

Only a labourer, he laboured for a guinea a week in a foundry at Leven—hard work and heavy. Under Government control, pay improved, and so did hours. He began to forget his struggles with poverty, and, being lowly-minded and honest, was content. But the other day the gaffer came along and paid him off—not because they had any fault to find, for there was none, bu because the firm intended to work things on the cheap. That is all the story, ending with a despairing man wondering where his next work is to come from. But it seems an unsatisfactory finish, somehow.

Monty's Monument.

In the course of the debate in the Newcastle City Council on the proposal to confer upon Major-General Sir R. A. Kerr Montgomery the freedom of the city for the "eminent public services he has rendered during the war as General Officer Commanding the Tyne Garrison," Sir George Lunn seems to have got his tongue into a bit of a tangle. "Major-General Montgomery, if I may say so," he remarked, "has dealt with us more as a gentleman than a soldier." What a pity that, with intentions so honourable, Sir George should open his mouth only to put his foot in it! However, let us hope the Major-General can appreciate a joke.

Wait and See.

Apropos of that story regarding General Childs setting about a whole department of War Officials who "didn't see callers between 1 and 3," an ex-sapper says he had a written appointment to call at the Edgware Road Labour Bureau between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. He arrived at about 12.15, and was told to call again at 2 o'clock. Several men were waiting about in the snow at the time, although there were "lots of clerks inside." He says this is a daily occurrence, and he thinks, as we do, that in the busy times of demobilisation through which we are passing, two hours in the middle of the day is an inordinate time for a Labour Bureau to shut down.

Those P.O. Messengers.

A word about those Post Office Boy Messengers who in the early part of the war joined the Army as volunteers. In nearly every case their mates who stopped behind have been promoted to the grade of Postman, and even where they were called up under the Military Service Acts they drew the balance of their civil pay at the higher rate. On the other hand, the youngsters who rushed to the Colours have had to be content with Boy Messengers' pay. This is a gross injustice. What has the Postmaster-General to say?

Is it a Record?

Adverting to our "Some Record" paragraph about the Sheffield street Roll of Honour, a reader now wishes to bring Buchanan Street, Glasgow, to the pinnacle of glory. At No. 166 were employed 143 men. Of these 106 are on the Roll of Honour. Twenty have obtained commissions, 8 non-commissioned rank, one officer won the D.S.O. and bar, two non-coms. won the M.M., 2 officers and 10 rank and file have died on service. This we presume is the case of a factory or workshop, and the particulars are therefore not quite within the scope of the record we seek to establish; that is to say, for a street of householders.

The Specials' Memorial.

At last there is an official move to mark with thankful appreciation the "patriotic work" and the "arduous and self-sacrificing duties" of the Special Constables of London. It is the Chief Staff Officer who puts it like that, and who has circularised proposals to start a Special Constabulary Memorial Fund, for necessitous Specials and their families. But they must pay for it themselves, by becoming Life Members at 10 guineas each, just Members for a guinea, or common or garden Associates for a mere dollar, English. So they have the proud privilege of providing a testimonial to their noble selves.

Soton Once More.

The Southampton Bench, in its police court decisions, is a perpetual source of amazement—without any amusement. A fruiterer, and two assistants, answered three summonses for selling dates, control price 10d., at 1s. 6d. per lb. For that sheer profiteering he was let off on paying 4s. costs only. A woman, keeping a small general shop, charged 7½d. for a ¼ lb. of bacon. She declared it was really 5 ozs., but had to pay 20s. fine. The two cases, heard by the same beaks on the same day, form a staggering contrast.

After the Ball is Over.

Waiting for the ship that never sails! That's the position of a good many colonial workmen who are seeking repatriation. Here, for example, is a man at Northampton—out of work for the last two months—who can't get a reply from the Labour Ministry or satisfaction from the Labour Exchange. Can't the Government do anything for him and others like him?

What Hay, What Ho!

When will tradesmen be able to buy their hay from a farmer instead of having to give a middleman—a dealer—£3 profit on every ton? In other words, the price to the dealer is £7 10s. a ton, and the horse owner is paying to him £10 10s. As a Burton-on-Trent horse-owner puts it, "The dealers have had a good picking out of us, and it is about time things came a bit round our way." What does the Minister for Agriculture say about it?

Scottish Asylum Workers.

The other day there was a strike of asylum workers, and hundreds of imbeciles were left to the care of the medical staff. In England such workers have long been dissatisfied, and their Scottish brethren are also becoming restive. Looking after mental cases is worrying work, but the attendants declare they and the nurses put in an average of 90 hours a week, the pay being 4½d. an hour for attendants, and 3½d. for nurses, all bonuses included. That being so, their complaints are justified.

Bootless Duties.

The Volunteers have put in some good work without much kudos. In Liverpool they have had stiff times guarding property paying their own fares, and wearing out their own boots. There was, however, corn in Egypt some four months back; for the first and only time a pair of boots was served out to them. Alack and alas! those boots are now ordered to be returned to Headquarters, and the Liverpool Volunteers must pull up their socks and parade without them. The crop of meanness springs up everywhere.

A Triple Hero.

Private Tandy, Duke of Cornwall's L.I., is something like a hero, having won the V.C., D.C.M., and M.M., a nice little collection to start with. Leamington, his native place, ought to be proud of him. Some of the residents are, and they have started a fund in his honour. To help it, they arranged a Fancy Dress Ball at the Town Hall. The Town Council, instead of being glad to help, were quick to hinder. They imposed a fee of 12 guineas, with 5s. added for the porter. That spoiled the balance-sheet. Even a Town Council might be more generous to a wonderful townsman like Tandy

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA

Few miners really want to strike; but Smillie,
To show his power, compels them, willy-nilly.

Wilson discovers, to his dire dismay,
His views are questioned in the U.S.A.

The German cur snarls savagely at Foch.
Then cringes—such the manner of the Boche.

If John Bull's strength to his desire responds,
He'll soon, Houdini-like, burst from his bonds.

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Louis Botha, Peace Conference, Paris.

Dear General Botha,—Looking at South African affairs, it seems that in your absence strange things are happening. The other day General Hertzog and a few of his associates, enemies of the Union and traitors to the Flag, wanted to travel to Europe on some wild political mission; but the crew of the liner *Durham Castle*, mostly members of the Seamen's and Firemen's Union, absolutely refused to sail with the rebels on board. Thereupon the Commander-in-Chief of the Cape Station, Admiral Fitzherbert, actually offered to convey the deputation on board H.M.S. *Minerva*, which had just received orders to sail for England. Apparently this amazing course was approved by your representatives. You had better hurry home. John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Lord Strathspey.

Dear Lord Strathspey,—Many years ago I advocated the abolition of the unnecessary and wealthy churches of the City, to augment the incomes of hard-working and impoverished parsons in the suburbs. £50,000 a year, I note you said, would not be too high a salary "for a clergyman who was a good man and used his income wisely." Certainly a clergyman who could make us all so good that he could guarantee us seats in Heaven would earn much more in commission. John Bull.

To Herr Dellman, Brickworks, Lytchett, Dorset.

Herr Prisoner,—Though I love the German breed as little as I love the Devil, let me say I hope it will be counted to you for righteousness that, at the risk of your own life, you saved that of a British boy who was in danger of drowning. From time to time rumours have reached me that there are good Germans in the world. It may be so; I cannot doubt it must be so; and you, a former sailor on the *Blucher*, may be one of the good ones. At any rate you must be a great improvement on many I have heard of in this war. *Do you understand me?* John Bull.

To Lieut.-Colonel Grant-Morden, M.P.

Dear Colonel,—Knowing as I do how much Lord Kitchener thought of the Cadet movement, I am pleased to see that at the meeting of those concerned with the Middlesex Territorial Cadet Brigade, you spoke in warm approval and promised to use all your influence in inducing the War Office to take a more practical interest in this Boys' Army. As one who firmly believes in some form of national military training, I see in the Cadet Corps a ready means of teaching our lads how to shoulder a rifle and to learn discipline. My congratulations. John Bull.

To F. E. W. Howell, Esq., Deputy Town Clerk, Wolverhampton.

Dear Deputy,—I see that you represented the Wolverhampton Town Council at an inquest on a little boy who had lost his life through a fire. It appeared that the efforts of the mother to save the child had been hampered by the fact that it is the practice of the Council to turn off the water supply at nights. The idea of this, you told the Coroner, was to "save water." My view of the matter is that it is of far greater importance to save life. Kindly convey this sentiment to your employers. John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Edward Shortt, M.P., Home Secretary.

Dear Mr. Shortt,—I have frequently protested to successive heads of your Department against the gross disparity to be observed in the punishments awarded by different Judges for crimes of a similar nature. A specially flagrant case of this kind has lately been brought to my notice. At the last Hants Assizes three interned Huns who had beguiled their leisure with the forgery of bank notes, were let off with the trivial sentence of three months' hard labour. At the Old Bailey two Australian soldiers, convicted of a similar offence, received respectively eighteen months' hard labour, and three years' penal servitude. Surely this is a case in which the Home Office should intervene. John Bull.

To Councillor Wm. Jones, Cardiff.

Dear Councillor,—So you think that to get over the house-shortage, we ought to house returning soldiers in huts and His Majesty's prisons, do you? Are you so unutterably foolish as to think that's a fit award for what these men have done for you? I certainly think it wouldn't be a bad idea to house *you* in a prison and put soldiers in *your* house. John Bull.

To the Chairman, Finance Committee, Urban Council, Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

Dear Sir,—Under your chairmanship the Finance Committee have set an admirable example in the appointment of Lieutenant Tucker as local rate collector. There were 11 applicants, all of good standing and excellent credentials—among them three discharged soldiers—but because of his supreme service to his country Lieutenant Tucker was unanimously appointed; and who will say that a man who has won the Military Cross and has been twice wounded for his country does not deserve a preference wherever it can be justly given? John Bull.

To His Worship the Mayor (A. Harbord, Esq., J.P.), Great Yarmouth.

Dear Mr. Mayor,—I am in hearty agreement with you that the damaged German machine gun and ammunition box which some tactless or thoughtless fool at the War Office has allocated to Yarmouth as a war trophy is utterly inadequate to its services, sufferings and experiences in the war. I agree with those members who proposed to send it back carriage forward. You said you did not wish to hurt the feelings of the Lord Lieutenant; but if the Lord Lieutenant had no effective voice in the choice his feelings are not in the case. Yarmouth, and Dover, too, deserve war trophies in keeping with the splendid parts they have played in beating the bestial Hun. John Bull.

AMAZING PRONOUNCEMENT.

NO COMPENSATION FOR RUHLEBEN HORRORS.

While the Hun criminals await their trial, our Foreign Office is busy supplying them with excuses. A British civilian, interned for four years at Ruhleben, got into touch with the Foreign Claims Department in Whitehall, with a view to obtaining compensation for loss of business and for injuries resulting from the savagery of the Huns. The Director, Mr. A. F. Peterson, would not, however, hear of any claims against the German Government, even though, as is universally admitted, the Huns broke every recognised rule in their cruel and wanton treatment of civilians. The following is the official statement of the Director of the Foreign Claims Office:—

> . . . . I have to inform you that the right of a belligerent Government to intern enemy persons found within its territory cannot be questioned, nor can there be any valid ground of claim against the Government for the cessation of business or loss of salary.

This tender plea for the Hun proceeds, be it remembered, not from the Wilhelmstrasse, but from the British Foreign Office, and we may perhaps be pardoned for saying that if this is the spirit in which the larger questions of Indemnity and Reparation are being handled, it is small wonder that the Huns are hoping to escape their major liabilities. We were under the impression that the war was regarded by the Allies as an outburst of wanton aggression on the part of the Central Empires, only to be expiated by exemplary penalties. If the sufferings of the Ruhleben prisoners are to go unrequited, we may as well abandon all pretence and dismiss the Huns with a caution.

THE WHISKY SCANDAL.

SPIRITS EVERYWHERE; SCARCE A DROP TO DRINK.

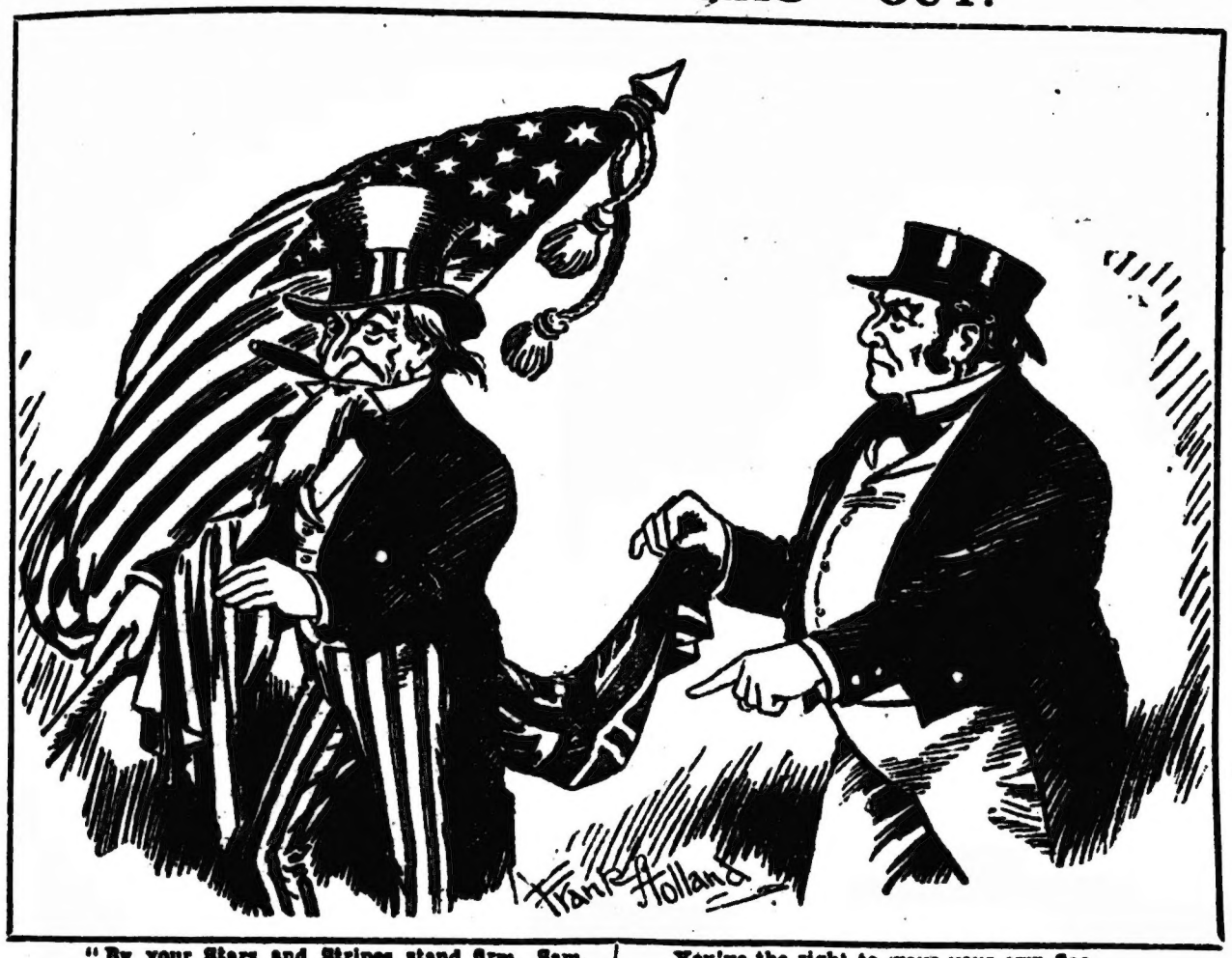
An unconscious, if not very conscionable, sidelight is cast upon the present scandalous whisky situation by a circular which has reached us—Messrs. James Martin and Co., Ltd., Whisky distillers of Leith, having forwarded it to the wrong shop. It was sent to the London office of a big firm of Colonial goldsmiths, obviously under the delusion that they were exporters of whisky. "We can supply you," the letter opens, "with up to 500 cases of whisky at 49s. 6d. nett per case f.o.r. Leith"—a case is, of course, a dozen bottles—"for nett cash against documents provided with shipping instructions immediately. If it is necessary to cable your correspondents abroad we will hold our offer open to enable you to do so. . . Immediately the Armistice was signed, many customers suspended orders, being under the illusion that prices would fall, but there is not the slightest possibility of Scotch whisky becoming more plentiful for at least a year, and the price will remain steady, in addition to which the commodity will really become much scarcer—it is more than probable that prices will rise still higher. . ." With invalids suffering bodily for want of stimulants, and sober citizens clamouring for spirituous beverage, it is abominable that whisky firms should be touting in this way. To how many people this particular circular has gone we know not; but here, in a single instance, as many as 6,000 bottles are offered for export with all the specious arguments which lend themselves so easily to the scandal of whisky speculation and profiteering.

SLUR ON BRITISH TROOPS.

"THIEVES AND ROGUES"—AND RUSSIANS.

We wonder if the War Council have seen the amazing Order issued to his troops by Major General C. M. Maynard, Commanding the Allied Land Forces at Murmansk. Among other things, it says:—"On more than one occasion I have issued Orders prohibiting the sale to Russians, not only of Government goods, but also of private articles. In spite of these, however, I have received abundant evidence that a most disgraceful traffic in Government and other goods has been carried on with Russian inhabitants. Officers and men, both British and Canadians, of all arms and departments, have undoubtedly been implicated. They have stolen public goods and sold them to the Russians at exorbitant prices in order to line their own pockets, regardless of their own good name and that of the British Army. Our troops have at times gone short of rations as a result of their knavery. As these few (and I still cling to the hope that they are a comparative few) have proved themselves thieves and rogues, I intend to treat them as such." The General goes on to invite "even the last-joined private" to give him information that will lead to the successful prosecution of any of the "thieves and rogues," and finally declares that unless the practice of selling goods to the Russians ceases, he will stop the rum ration, all leave to England, and the tobacco and cigarette ration, and will also close the Expeditionary Force Canteen. Viewing the case from every standpoint, we can only put it to the War Council that they should immediately hold an Inquiry into the whole matter.

GETTING HIS "RAG" OUT.



"By your Stars and Stripes stand firm, Sam,
But don't pocket *this* design;
You've the right to wave your own flag,
But must waive the right to mine!"

WORSE THAN MURDER.

ABOMINABLE CRUELTY PUNISHED WITH A FINE.

Even if the death penalty for murder should ever be abolished there are some things for which death will always be the only fit punishment. Systematic cruelty, for example, is sometimes far worse than murder, and the torturers of young Steve Carter would have been more kind if they had stabbed him to the heart. The poor boy came to John Thomas Horsford (a Grafham farmer) and his wife, from the workhouse. He had formerly suffered from a very bad form of chilblains on hands and feet, but was then practically well, though Mr. and Mrs. Horsford were told about his complaint. This winter the chilblains came on worse than ever. Work became an agony. Still he was made to do it. Nay, more! when he did less than nigger-driver Horsford thought proper the suffering lad was flogged—flogged, ladies and gentlemen, in this Christian land. He grew worse and worse. On December 19th his foot had become gangrened and one of his toes was nearly off. It is horrible to write about. That day, festering as he was, and wearing two left-footed boots of different sizes and weights, he was sent off at 3.30 in the afternoon to gather sticks in a wood about a mile from the farm. It became dark. He lost his way. And so dragged on, hopeless and helpless, until he sank exhausted in the wood, and spent the night there with a sack for his only covering. Did Horsford come out with lamps to find him? Not he! There appears to have been no enquiry till noon next day. Meanwhile that wounded creature had crawled the six or seven miles to Kimbolton, and there P.C. Everden found him, and took him to the V.A.D. Now we cannot at present hang people even for such abominable cruelty. But we can send them to prison. And yet the Huntingdon Divisional Bench merely fined Horsford and his wife £10 a-piece! Is the body of this poor child of so little account? Some J.P.s think that shocking cruelty is less grave a crime than the pilfering of a crust of bread by a hungry man, or the stealing of a penny piece by a pauper.

A PROTEAN IMPOSTOR.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT A CINEMA SCHOOL.

When once a man starts out on the "crooked" you never know where you will run up against him next. When last we passed the time of day with Mr. E. Thorp Hincks, he was the bright, informing spirit of the National Association for the Prevention and Amelioration of Deafness, a quack concern whose methods were exactly in keeping with the notorious character of its promoter. Perhaps our exposure put a stop to this little game; at any rate Hincks now appears as principal of the British School of Cinema Acting, with offices on the fourth floor at 34, Norfolk Street, W.C. From motives of private convenience this business, such as it is, is carried on under a variety of names, the Canadian Producers' Association, the Cinema Proprietors' Association, and the Empire Film Service, although only one of these titles is registered as required by law. Hincks makes the most extravagant pretences, young people who fancy themselves as film actors or actresses being invited to pay heavy fees for courses of instruction, with "certain engagements" to follow. A good deal of lavish advertising has been indulged in, some mention having been made of well-equipped "studios" at Sloane Square, Hammersmith, and Walham Green, but, having consulted the trade, we have no hesitation in saying that these alleged palaces of art are the merest "castles in Spain." It is not so long since Hincks was holding himself out as a representative of the Ministry of Reconstruction charged with the important task of developing "trade film propaganda," although it is doubtful if this pretence of official authority was ever anything more than a hollow pose. His latest venture is an attempt to mislead the public by extravagant advertising into the belief that he is a cinema expert with exceptional resources—whereas, in point of fact, the British School of Cinema Acting is a mushroom concern, with no films of its own, existing solely for fee-snatching purposes. Once again Hincks has been found out.

"A TRAP FOR SERVANTS."

MORE LIGHT ON A TRICKY BUSINESS.

A month or so ago we commented on the tricky style of business engineered by T. Thorne and Co., Costumiers and Outfitters, 63, Great Portland Street, London. The firm subsequently roundly asserted in a letter to us that the girl whose complaint we voiced "did order the goods," at the same time admitting that nothing had been supplied, though payment had been demanded. Pressed by us for proof of the order, they had the supreme nerve to submit a printed form of theirs, partly filled in, in pencil, by somebody—that somebody not being the young woman. Indeed, on the back of this spurious "order" is an endorsement by Thorne's agent:—"Please note this order slip has not been signed by customer." Added is the date, "14-11-18"—the figures "18," having been originally "19." In every particular T. Thorne and Co.'s so-called explanation bears out our original statement—that they attempted to dun a girl into paying for goods never ordered and never delivered; the "order form" makes the matter very much worse.

LUCY HOBBS, HEROINE.

CHILD'S COURAGE CALLS FOR RECOGNITION.

When the great explosion at Silvertown took place, Lucy Hobbs, a little girl of ten, in the kitchen of a house within fifty yards of the site of the terrible upheaval, was watching her baby brother asleep in his "pram." With incredible presence of mind in one so young and frail, she snatched up the infant and ran, not unscathed, with him to a place of safety a bare few moments before the kitchen walls fell and utterly crushed the perambulator. The mother received compensation, of a meagre sort, from the Ministry of Munitions in respect of her demolished home, but nothing for the injuries suffered by her children and herself. For more than twelve months plucky little Lucy was under hospital treatment and unfit to attend school. Now that she has in a great measure recovered from the effects of the terrible ordeal, would it not be a gracious thing for some public or official recognition to be made of her heroism? Her father, a semi-invalid, is able to work only intermittently, so that Mrs. Hobbs, with her family of five youngsters, finds it hard to make ends meet.

A "TALL" STORY.

SHADY PILLS FOR SHORT PEOPLE.

Before us lies a pill, and a circular letter that lies even more. It is a pink pill, but not for pale people. Its mission is to make the short tall. J. Edison, Ld., of 87, Great George Street, Leeds, is the "firm" that confers this benefit upon abbreviated humanity; and Thomas Edison, of the States, had best look to his laurels. Where Thomas has failed, the great John of Leeds has succeeded. Writing to a foolish girl who was silly enough to send him 15s. for a box of his "growing pills," this preposterous quack says: "If . . . you have not increased your height as much as you desire, will you remember that I am ready to send you another box for only 11s. 6d., or 3 boxes together for only 27s. 6d.—this is really a concession, for now the ingredients are so dear, but I feel I must help you . . . To be tall, to cease feeling at a disadvantage under the shadow of your taller rivals—think, is it not worth pounds, yet I am only suggesting that you spend shillings." The impudence and absurdity of John Edison's claims for his precious "growing pills" would be amusing were it not that numbers of short and simple people abound who are liable to be entrapped and fleeced.

THE TROUBLE WILL PASS.

DON'T BE DEPRESSED BY BOLSHEVIK RAVINGS.—THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING.

By A. G. Hales.

WE are the strangest people under the sun; we have just won the greatest victory recorded in history, and the land is full of the silly cry that our nation is going to the Devil; if we had been beaten the pessimism could not well have been more rampant, more blatant, more absurd. If we *are* going to the Devil I for one rather like the trip, for it seems to me that with a little bit of patience all round, a wee bit of common sense, and the application of the give-and-take rule amongst all classes and conditions of men, we are in for the time of our lives. We have to expect some hard times whilst disorganised businesses and disorganised labour right themselves after the upheaval of war. How could we expect to take eight millions of good men away from their work for four years and restart again without friction? Of course only a tithe of them have yet been released, and we shall probably see worse before we see better. The friction is inevitable, and we shall not be rid of it for some time, but it will pass, if we only keep our heads level and our hearts in the right place. The long haired gentry have been having a high old time lately, but in reality they are a fake, and as soon as this is realised the nation will laugh at them.

I know these bounders. I have met them in nearly every land under the sun; met them in the Old world and the New, and they are "fakes" of the shoddiest description. Now and again you find a fanatic amongst them, a creature half-dog, half-devil (with my apologies to the dog). Generally speaking, this kind of animal is a drug fiend, or an absinthe-drinking maniac, or a poor skunk vanity-mad, but the vast majority of the cult are "fakes" pure and simple. In wild wayback mining camps in new lands, they let their hair grow over their shirt collars, wear an armoury of "guns" in their belts, and pose as bad men, and sponge for free drinks, until some honest old prospector boots them into the street. In old-world cities like London they live by spouting and sponging. They are just like sensational literature of the Deadwood Dick order; they are penny-dreadfuls-in-trousers, and have not got a real fight in their whole make-up. By and by the mechanics and labourers will give them the boot, and give it them hard, and in the right place. They love to give anyone who will listen to their cheap melodrama that nasty, creepy feeling down the spine, by whispering in stagey tones that "London will soon run with blood, good red b-l-ood, sir!"

But they mean to take precious good care none of *their* precious fluid is on the pavement. Being essentially a man of peace myself I never try to hurt anyone's feelings, but I am forced to say, after a world-wide experience of these microbes of unrest, that, take them big and large, they are poor curs, who only want a loafer's life and invariably run at the first signal of real danger. What are they doing here anyhow, eh? Let them get back to the lands that spawned them, and when they have made good there by turning their own country into a Garden of Eden, it will be time for them to come back here and reform us. I have seen the kind of Eden they have made in many lands, and I'm not hankering for an allotment in any place of the kind. I have an idea I shall get all the hell I have earned later on. I want a bit of heaven *here*. Personally, I want to see many reforms achieved, and Parliament *can* achieve everything that is reasonable and fair if the parliamentarians are in earnest. That there is a painful body of "stone-age" politicians in the present Parliament no man of knowledge can doubt, a set of men who would set the clock back. But there are others: and it in these others that our hope lies. Two of them are driving forces, and we are going to see the "Dodo" element driven onward and upward by the sheer force of personality, and great work will be achieved. The "Dodos" will bleat, but they will be *driven*. I am now going to lay myself open to a charge of toadyism because one of the driving forces I refer to happens to edit this journal, though it would not matter to me if he got his living handling a winkle barrow. I am not thinking of Horatio Bottomley, the man, or the editor—but of Mr. Bottomley, the statesman. In the vernacular of the trenches, he has got "guts." The way he turned his gun on the infamous profiteers who robbed us during the war, at the very outset of Parliament, was simply great, and a lot of the newly-rich M.P.s. who were listening to him must have wished him many long acres away from St. Stephen's.

The other driving force I think and discuss in the present Parliament is the Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill. I knew him as a war correspondent—and did not like him. I knew him later and liked him less; but he is a force, and he is driving in the right direction. When he fathered the scheme for raising the soldier's pay all round he did the most statesmanlike act of his meteoric career; it was an act of justice splendidly timed, well planned, and well carried out; it initiated the principle of "millions for reforms, not a cent for panic,' and that is statecraft at its zenith. In conclusion let me say: Be of good cheer, the clouds will roll away.

IN THE HOUSE.

MY WEEK'S WORK IN PARLIAMENT.

MY principal work last week consisted of compelling the Government to place a time-limit on its Bill relieving newly appointed Ministers from the necessity of seeking re-election. I was the only member who had put down a motion for the rejection of the Bill, and it was rather amusing to find that after much hesitation the leader of the Labour Party decided to oppose the measure, and being called upon before me to address the House, actually concluded by adopting my motion! The Speaker—who is the spirit of Parliament—pointed out, however, that the question of the rejection of the Bill was in my hands, and he could not allow even the titular leader of the Opposition to steal my thunder. I accordingly moved the rejection, but in deference to the general feeling of the House that Ministers appointed immediately after a General Election should not be compelled to go down to their constituents, I offered to compromise matters upon the basis of a twelve months' time-limit. This, however, Mr. Bonar Law would not accept, and consequently there was no alternative but to divide the House—with the result that forty-two members supported me in the Lobby, including both the leader of the Labour Party, Mr. Maclean (the leader of the Official Liberals) and many other prominent members. There were a large number of abstentions, out of a desire not to embarrass the Government, but so strong was the feeling, that on going into Committee Mr. Bonar Law agreed to a time-limit—of nine months from the date of the General Election—and on this basis we all allowed the measure to go through. I did not trouble myself about the proposed amendments in the Rules of Procedure. They are very complicated and personally I do not feel strongly upon the subject. We must relieve the House of a lot of the details which have in previous Parliaments consumed so much time—and the system of delegation to Grand Committees, which has worked so well in France, may prove to be the remedy. At any rate, the experiment is worth trying.

I have, however, pressed various other matters upon the attention of the Government—including the appointment of a Public Defender, as a kind of corollary to the office of Public Prosecutor, and I intend to follow up this proposal. I also drew attention to the presence of Lady Townley, the wife of our Minister at The Hague, on the arrival of the ex-Kaiser at Amerongen, and ultimately elicited the statement, after much official evasion, that "she happened to be passing in her car at the time"!

Another matter to which I drew attention was the refusal of the Sinn Feiners to take their seats, and I reminded members of an old statutory power for a "call" of the House and for an Order to the Sergeant-at-Arms to bring up all failing to answer their names. The suggestion was, of course, received with some merriment—but the fact remains that over seventy men, elected to serve the King in Parliament, are deliberately flouting their obligation. I shall follow the matter up. I also urged the President of the Board of Trade to consider the question of abolishing the excess railway fares, but was assured by him that in the present state of the railways he cannot entertain the idea. I shall remind him of the matter a little later on. Another subject of considerable interest to the community is the right of inspection of the local Police Registers of Enemy Aliens. I pressed for some access to these records, but could get no greater concession than that the police would inform any enquirer as to whether or not a particular person was on the Register; but even here they have to be satisfied as to the motive of the enquiry. Surely patriotic residents should not be deprived of the opportunity of knowing who of their neighbours are suspect, and of keeping a quiet eye on their movements! Here again I shall not allow the matter to rest I also had the temerity to suggest to the Chancellor of the Exchequer that he could raise a large fund for the purpose of national reconstruction by means of an issue of Premium Bonds; but, of course, he "does not see his way" to adopt such a wicked proposal. What hypocrites we are! Two other items. I elicited the important fact that the Privy Council has at last recommended the removal of the names of the Dukes of Albany and Cumberland—"ignoble Dukes," I called them—from the peerage and that, after its Report has lain upon the Table for forty days, they will disappear from the Roll of Parliament, and I secured a promise that the expense to which a poor woman was put to secure a firing party at the funeral of her soldier husband should be refunded.

By the time these lines are read I shall have raised many other matters, but they can be chronicled next week.

I am pleased to say I am gradually establishing a recognised position in the House, and am receiving the most courteous treatment from all Parties and sections—with the one solitary exception to which I refer elsewhere. The general Press, too, is beginning to record my work—and in much more sympathetic terms than was the case seven years ago.

Our Parliamentary Bureau continues to arouse widespread interest, and I am doing my utmost to keep pace with it.

H. B.

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER!

STRANGE SILENCE OF ARMY BOOT CONCERN.

Whoever runs the Colonial Army Boot Co., Railton Road, London, S.E., deserves the rigorous application of the toe of one of his own commodities to his seat of honour. "We guarantee every pair," shrieks the Company's advertisement, in large type. "All boots sent on approval. Cash willingly returned in full if not satisfied." A sailor swallowed the bait, and sent his 12s. 6d., only to find when the boots arrived that "the inner soles of both of them were absolutely rotten and broken in halves, nails were sticking up inside to quite a quarter of an inch; in fact, they were unwearable." He returned them and asked for a refund of his money, or a decent pair of boots. But from that moment a beautiful silence fell upon the Colonial Army Boot Co. D. Furmston is the name of the presiding genius of this bright concern, and we are inclined to repeat the name with an emphasis on the D.

POLICEMEN'S PENSIONS.

ANOMALOUS RESULTS OF NEW SCALE OF PAY.

Scarborough seems to have treated very badly a detective-inspector and a sergeant, both having served over twenty-six years. When the inspector desired to retire on pension, leave was refused because of the war. Then, when the new scale of police pay was arranged by the Home Office, he and the sergeant were hurriedly retired before they could participate, so that their pensions were payable at the old rate only. On the other hand, another inspector, of thirty-five years' service, who was not doing any police work but acting as Mayor's Officer, was also retired before the new scale operated, but in his case "back pay" was made up to agree with that scale, and his pension was reckoned on the resultant figures. He, therefore, receives £2 9s. a week. The other inspector gets but £1 13s. 3d., the sergeant also receiving about 10s. or 12s. less than he should do. A sergeant of the Derbyshire Constabulary furnishes a similar case. Obliged to resign through ill-health, his pension after twenty-five years is £1 4s. 6d. a week. On the new scale a constable's pension for equal service is £1 10s. or more.

AN EX-GERMAN'S PROSPERITY.

WHO SINKS IF THE NATURALISED SWIMS?

A few weeks ago we had a word or two to say about Frederick Fry—formerly Friedrich Freiberger—a naturalised Hun, carrying on a baker's business at 453, Brixton Road, S.W. Fry's bakery business had prospered so amazingly that he was advertising in the *Bakers' Record* for "shops in any part of London." Now, see how the little scheme works. One of the bakery businesses that Freiberger—we beg pardon, Fry—desired to acquire was that carried on by Mr. Stephen Burt, of 167, Junction Road, Upper Holloway, N. Thinking one man's money was as good as another's, Burt sold the business to Fry, and had to clear out of the rooms over the shop that had been his happy home. However, as it happened, Burt owned a nice little place at Dartmouth Park Hill, N.W., let to a married man with five children; so, of course, the next thing was that this unfortunate tenant was given notice to quit, on the ground that the landlord required the place for his own occupation. Ultimately, the case went to the Bloomsbury County Court, where the tenant lost the day. So it comes to this. Fry, the ex-German, gets the shop he wants and expands his business at the expense of British bakers. Burt, his pockets bulging with Fry's money, goes to his snug little refuge in the suburbs. The poor unfortunate tenant and his family are turned out of house and home by the stern edict of the law. But Fry's all right, anyway.

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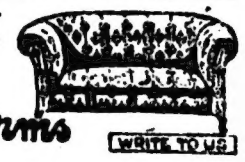
IT IS BETTER TO FURNISH

your house from top to bottom or in part with Catesbys Furniture, because not only is it that beautiful kind which makes a room look so well and attractive, but it costs less than the same kind of good furniture sold elsewhere. How about a nice new Settee?



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Skin Trouble
CURED BY
Cadum Ointment

NURSE BEATRICE GOODWIN, 46, Fielding Road, Bedford Park, London, W., writes:—

"I am writing to tell you what a wonderful cure your Cadum Ointment has made of a nasty patch of eczema I had. I was for a long time greatly pained and incommoded in my business, especially when I had to massage a patient, by an outbreak of weeping eczema on the inside of my right arm. How I contracted it I cannot discover, but I know it was very virulent, and caused me much uneasiness. I applied all the well-known remedies, soothing ointments, etc., but in spite of these the disease was spreading. It broke and discharged when I used my arm, and thus gave me increased pain. At last I tried Cadum Ointment, and I felt it my duty to let my experience of it be made publicly known. Cadum Ointment quickly stopped the irritation, in fact gave immediate and most gratifying relief. It drew away all corruption rapidly, and completely removed the eczema inside a week. I am convinced Cadum Ointment must become a most valuable curative agent, indispensable to the members of my profession.

Cadum Ointment cures pimples, sores, eczema, eruptions, rash, ulcers, irritation, blotches, chafing, scaly skin, cuts, ringworm, piles, and other skin troubles, and has proved a blessing to many who for years have suffered agonies. It begins healing with the first application. Get a 1s. 3d. box of Cadum Ointment to-day.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

SIR ALBERT STANLEY.

Come in, sir——come in! Don't be shy! Wot kin I do for you? . . . Jest a trim? Right o! Set 'ere. You're Sir Albert Stanley, ain't chew?—You've got the railways under yore charge, ain't chew? . . . . Ah! I thort so. Well, wot about it? . . . *Wot about wot?* W'y, wot about this fifty per cent. on fares? W'en is it comin' orf? . . . *You don't know?* Wot are you torkin about? Wot was the fifty per cent. shoved on for? . . . To restrict railway travellin' so as to enable troops an' military stores to be moved about the country without 'indrance. Very well. There's a *h*armistice, ain't there? Wot troops *are* movin' about are movin' 'ome, ain't they? Very well, then! Wot about this fifty per cent.? Ain't it time it was took orf? . . . Wot, *railway working corsts 'ave increased?* Wot's that to do with it? It ain't the passenger traffic wot's paid the railway dividends, in the parst, is it? Wot about the goods traffic? 'Ave the carriage rates bin shoved up fifty per cent.? . . . No, they aven't. An' you knows it! Then w'y should I 'ave to pay fifty per cent. more to go an' see my wife's mother, now there's a *h*armistice on, then wot I did afore the wore? I tell yer wot it is; there's too much of the official view about all you gents. It's the permanent blokes in Whitehall wot's pulling the strings and you Ministers are just puppets. I know yer means well and I know yer a Business man and it is a Business man wot is wanted Westminster way. This fifty per cent. was shoved on for wore purposes. Well, the wore 'as practically bin over since November, 1918. This is Feb. 1919. As I see, w'y on earth sh'd I 'ave to pay fifty per cent. more to go an' see my mother-in-law to-day then wot I did before the wore? . . . *I look at it from too personal a point o' view, do I?* Nothink o' the kind. I'm simply usin' a illustration. I'm thinkin' about trade. An' so fur as I kin see, those bloomin' railway controllers are doin' more 'arm to British trade by 'amperin' freedom than the bloomin' Boches tried to do theirselves! Look 'ere, Sir Albert, "Dora's" gotter go! Sooner or later she's goin'. Make a start, and 'eaven bless yer if yer do!

RHYMES OF THE TIMES.

It has been lately remarked that Civil Servants have a tendency to become very uncivil masters.

I was naturally mild
When an inoffensive child—
To use my nurse's words, "As good as gold";
As a boy, 'twas my delight
To be painfully polite
To acquaintances and strangers, young or old.

But upon an evil day,
I marched hopefully away
To become a civil servant—hapless fate!
Though a profitable place,
Looking backward I can trace
The decay of my politeness from that date.

For I found within a week
That a supercilious cheek
Was the style with which my colleagues were imbued;
And that never would success
Crown my work—ahem!—unless
I, like them, became abominably rude!

ENVOY.

I have risen—but, the cost!
All civility I've lost,
So that "civil" servant a misnomer seems;
And the manners so polite
That of old were my delight
Now return to me no more except in dreams!

W. M.

SHALL WE

Has America Bought Us?—Wilson Scoop

By THE

WHAT price have we paid, and are we prepared to go on paying, for the support of America in the closing phases of the war? That is a question we should do well to face, and the sooner it is answered the better. I have never disguised my view, either in public speech or in the Press—which is that, while we are profoundly grateful for the belated assistance which the United States rendered, we are not inclined to act as though instead of the Allies beating the Germans, America had beaten the Allies. I am not prepared to forget that Britain, France, Belgium and Italy leapt to arms at once to meet the wanton aggression of the Hun; that they stood the awful brunt of the greater part of the fighting; that they have been bled white in manhood and money. Nor do I forget that while America stood apart from the war she made a vast fortune out of the war, that her losses—grievous as they must be to every sorrowing American mother—are not to be compared with the awful sacrifices we have made; and, further, I cannot disguise from myself that where motives are concerned, the general impulse here and across the Atlantic was the same—self-protection against a common enemy.

Do Justice to the Dominions.

Now why do I recall these considerations, and why, further, do I point to the attempt of the United States President to dominate the doings at the Paris Conference? Because, in my opinion, there is something we love more than the most lovable American—because we fought not for the United States but for ourselves; because we love the British Empire, and because I see growing the danger that in the desire of the British Government to please the amiable and artful gentleman who for a space has returned to Washington and the White House, we may quite likely do grave injustice to those splendid daughter nations who stood by us and fought with us from the first call of war until the maroons proclaimed the Armistice. I am not now thinking of the Fourteen Points which were the outcome of those hours when we were fighting hard and the President was thinking hard—thinking about coming into the war—although there is much more to be said about them which will be said at the proper time. My immediate concern is to show how America is being favoured at the expense of Canada—and to awaken public opinion to a realisation of the injustice we are doing to the gallant Dominion. If it is still necessary to restrict imports to this country, Canada does not object. There is a good deal to be said for giving our own factories a chance of getting back to peace production before we allow any considerable importation of overseas goods. That is a form of Protection to which no one would object—least of all Canada. But what Canada does bitterly resent is that at this moment Licences to import United States goods are being issued, and also for the importation of Japanese goods, while Canadian goods are refused permission to enter our ports. And when we come to examine into the matter, we find that Canada is actually being penalised for her patriotism. Because she put Empire before everything, and answered the call without a moment's hesitation, she is to-day debarred from sending manufactures to the Mother Country, for which she has spent her money and her manhood. Certain Licences to import are based on a percentage of particular goods sent to England during the war. Because Canada sacrificed manufactures in order to send her best sons to Europe and the Western Front, and has not been able to export particular goods during the years of fighting, she is not permitted to do so now. And Canadians actually suffer the humiliation of seeing their own boats used to carry American products across the Atlantic. Of course we shall have an attempt at an official defence. But nothing can excuse this affront to Canada, and nothing will satisfy the Canadians but the right to import on the same terms as the Americans.

That Infamous Order to the Fleet.

Why all these absurd considerations and tenderness for the United States? It has existed ever since the beginning of the war. You remember that infamous order to the British Fleet—I shall yet want to know in Parliament who issued it, and why—not to arrest German reservists returning from America to the Fatherland. The issue of the order has never been denied. It meant that the British Navy was expressly instructed to facilitate the passage across the ocean of men who subsequently fought and killed our own soldiers. We were told that the order came from the Foreign Office, and that the idea was "not to offend America." And then you remember the Foreign Office interfered with the Navy in the matter of the blockade. We should have starved out Germany by 1916 and finished the war, only our gallant sailors were crippled in their blockade work, because we did not want to "offend America." Again, half the stupidities of the Paris Conference have been the result of the desire to please America—or, rather, America's President. "Freedom of the Seas," no Indemnity, no economic barriers, the League of Nations itself—all "made in America."

Has America Bought Us?

It is really time we knew where we stood. Are we being sold to America? What is the Government playing at? I don't blame America, and the Americans—they are out for business. As I said in the House of Commons the other day, while we are wasting time talking peace platitudes in Paris, America is "scooping the pool." It is not only Canada that is complaining. Our merchants at home cannot get Permits to import the raw materials they need to get their factories going and resume world-trade. Yet the American travellers are already "on the trail" making business for the States. They are arriving here in shoals; they are spreading themselves over the Continent. Again I say, I don't blame them. Let them hustle as much as they choose, but in the name of common-sense let the Government remove forthwith all the restrictions which are hampering our trade and commerce and handing over our business to the 'cute gentlemen from across the Herring Pond. Before the war, Great Britain was the centre of the world's trade. London was the world's banking centre—we were in the real sense the "hub of the universe." Are we going to surrender that position without a struggle, and with the insane notion of "pleasing America"? If I know anything of our cousins on the other side, they will only despise us if we forget our heritage and forget our Empire, and sacrifice all for which we have fought. Never forget we fought not in our own quarrel, but in the quarrel of Civilisation against Destruction; knowing full well that if Germany triumphed we should ultimately be destroyed.

Wilson Scooping the Pool.

Well, Germany has gone down in deserved ignominy, but where do we stand? The Allies owe something like £2,000,000,000 to the United States; of that sum little Britain owes the larger portion, and she has guaranteed her Allies against most of the rest. We don't mind work, and we shall have to work mighty hard that we may produce manufactured goods wherewith to pay off our debt and re-establish our financial strength. America has incurred no debts by reason of the war. She is abundantly prosperous. The gold of all the belligerents has flowed into her coffers. If our American cousins are really out still to help the Cause, that immense war debt which was incurred, not on behalf of this country or that, but for the sake of the whole world, will be pooled and rich America will take her share along with impoverished France and heavily-burdened Britain. Why should President Wilson bother about Indemnities—one of those Points which had only an academic interest for America before she entered the war, and has for her hardly taken a more practical form now? Her land has never been invaded, her homes have not been destroyed by the aerial bomb; she has remained immune and secure by the separating waters of the broad Atlantic. But to us and our Allies and our Dominions the havoc and the cost of the war are represented by stupendous figures. And it is surely the first duty of our Government to help those who first helped us. Canada wants no charity—she wants fair play, and she bitterly resents being placed in a position less favourable than others after all the sacrifice she has made.

...LOSE CANADA ?

...ng the Pool—Do Justice to the Dominions.

...DITOR.

It is useless to blink the fact that America is profiting to the despite of Canada—scooping the pool while the Dominion is kept outside the charmed circle of profit-taking. Let me quote a letter from a Glasgow importer of Canadian rubber footwear—how we have all wanted those goloshes during the recent snow, and at what ruinous prices have the American variety been retailed!:—

> Can you tell me why we cannot get any Canadian overshoes into Glasgow, now the war is over and no munitions filling the boats coming back? I am eagerly wanting some over, and surely, surely, Canada should come *first* before the United States. I have also about 200 dozen of cut leather soles lying addressed to me at Montreal, ordered and paid for early in 1917. Is it possible to get the red-tape removed so that I might get my goods over? Now the war is over surely the restrictions might be eased to allow urgently wanted goods across.

That is a typical complaint; the misfortune is that the red-tape discriminates not in favour of but against our Canadian brothers. Here is another case; this time an Edinburgh firm, which has placed orders with a Toronto house for wall-paper, specially manufactured to British patterns with the object of replacing goods formerly obtained from Germany. Their business is also held up by the restrictions because they were not importers in 1916, and so cannot claim an Import Licence. This firm has gone to considerable expense to set this new business on foot; the Canadian firm has adapted its machines to British requirements; there is a big trade doing if it is not filched by the Americans! To quote their own words, they "particularly desire to secure the two car-loads already ordered at as early a date as possible, in order to try out the designs on the British market." But there is nothing doing where Canada is concerned. You see, new businesses were at a standstill in the Dominion because the call of the Mother Country was paramount. Now America is scooping the pool—that is the reward for Imperial patriotism. Bovril's chairman was deploring the scarcity of glass bottles the other day. Would you believe it, an American Glass Company could deliver to-morrow 120,000 gross, but the British Department of Import Restrictions concedes a Licence for a measly 12,000 gross. In 1917 the United States sent 121,278 gross of glass bottles into the United Kingdom against 4,912 gross in the year before the war. Happy America; what a game! Now take wood pulp. Newspapers are small, and dear, and scarce, because the Controller maintains his grip on imports. Canada, if allowed, could supply the greater part of what we need. Norway is preferred. She sent last year 108,000 tons out of a total import of 109,000 tons. It is a fact that 99 per cent. of the total wood-pulp which came here in 1918 was from Norway and Sweden, two countries which have not figured conspicuously in the winning of the war. And so I could continue showing how the foreigner is preferred while the Dominion is deferred. Before the war 60 per cent. of Canadian leather was sold to British firms. All the Dominion output was rightly commandeered for Britain and her Allies, under the stress of war. Meanwhile America got that leather business which private firms so patriotically surrendered, and Canadian ships have been used to carry the United States goods to Great Britain. Canada has asked to be permitted to renew her 60 per cent. importation; she has been refused. Can you marvel that the Dominion, having proved her Imperial loyalty, is now wondering whether the price she paid was not too high? Canada is faced with the problem of finding employment for demobilised men. Who should have first call upon us—our daughter nation, or rich and prosperous America?

Shall We Lose Canada?

It is quite useless and absolutely foolish to shut our eyes to the fact that there is the gravest unrest, dissatisfaction and suspicion in the Canadian mind; and these sentiments are in no way confined to the fighting men—they are rampant throughout the Canadian commercial community. I have many opportunities of meeting the business magnates of the Dominion, and I have had the advantage of interviews with representative men deeply concerned with the protection of Canadian interests in the after-war reconstruction. And the conclusion I have arrived at is that unless the British Government shakes off the Wilson hypnotism from which it is to-day suffering, we shall ere long have a rude awakening. I have given several illustrations of the reason why, in regard to most valuable and important contracts, the great and patriotic Dominion is to-day suffering from a cruel sense of injustice—whilst America, with the assistance of British *and* Canadian tonnage, is, as I recently said in the House, "scooping the pool." Canada, as a matter of fact, asks for no preferential treatment, even though she *is* a portion of the British Empire. But she does claim that there should be no discrimination against her in favour of the United States, such as is undoubtedly being made to-day. The fact is, we have been thoroughly out-manœuvred by Mr. Wilson's idealism, which, as I have been rude enough before to remark, is another name for Yankee bluff. I know this is very wrong, and in execrable taste, but I do want the President to understand that we are not *all* fools over here. However, from the latest information which reaches me; I am happy to learn that, in regard to one of the most important Terms of Peace, we shall shortly "call his hand"—and then perhaps he will come out in a less altruistic rôle than has hitherto been the case. Meanwhile, I say, and say deliberately, we are playing with fire in regard to our treatment of Canada—and I am not too sure that the same observation does not apply in a less degree to other portions of our Dominions. But one dose of pessimism at a time will do.

Backing the Wrong Horse.

As I write I have before me a letter from Brooklyn, which says: "I know you advise your readers to 'Watch Wilson.' We here in the States are doing just that thing. Like yourself, we are far from satisfied with the way he is acting as this nation's spokesman. He's in for an awful jolt in 1920, when we hold our next Presidential Election. His fall will be complete. This last Election he asked for a vote of confidence by returning all Democrats to Congress. The result was an overwhelming victory for the Opposition party, the Republicans." And similar letters reach me from the States by every mail. And that is what makes this pandering to the President all the worse. We are upsetting our own Dominions just to please an amiable gentleman—who a year hence will have dropped back into the grateful shadow of a Harvard professorship. But if we do the wrong thing now it may be impossible later on to do the right thing. Canada, as I have said, is being kept out of her fair place in the British markets. "No economic barriers" is one of the Wilsonian cries—he should have added, "when they interfere with American trade." It may suit the President, now that the United States has grown big and rich behind a tariff wall, to pull down the fences of the rest of the world to give a larger and a cheaper field to American labour. But before we listen to any more talk about a League of Nations we want a League of Empire, and within that League every mother's son who claims kinship with us under the Union Jack must have first place not only in our affection, but in our markets. This war has taught us many things, and one of the first lessons is that the British Empire contains within itself all the material resources which we need for our inter-Imperial wellbeing and prosperity. We have done with the bad old days and the advice to "bang and bolt the door" against the young nations, children of the Mother Country. They stood by us in war; we will stand by them in peace. While we want to be friends with all the world—excepting the hateful Huns who, having tried to cut the throat of Civilisation, are now busily engaged in the process at home—we intend that the first claim upon us shall be that of our own Dominions. It is not the way of the British people to forget their own kith and kin. And so I would advise the Prime Minister not to bother too much about pleasing Woodrow Wilson. Let him turn his mind to Imperial matters. Justice to the Dominions means security for our Empire beyond the Seas.

In giving publicity to the views of correspondents, preference will be accorded to brief letters bearing name and address for publication.

All envelopes must be marked "People's Pulpit."

THE PEOPLE'S PULPIT.

The readers of "John Bull" discuss matters of Public Interest.

These letters, selected from our weekly mail, are confined to questions of general interest.

More personal matters are dealt with in our "Letter Bag" page.

Gratuities.

"I joined up in August, 1914, went to France in July, 1915 and was wounded in Sept. 1915, being discharged from the service, April, 1916. For this I received £10. Was it my fault I was hit so soon, considering we were pushed into the firing line pr tty well before we knew we were th re to fight? How is it that men who have had cushy jobs behind at the base get over twice as much as we do because they were in France and being at the base were able to serve the whole period without a scratch?"—Late Corporal F. C. Green, Clifton Place, Torquay.

(*It is an old grievance and one which we are constantly bringing to the notice to the Authorities.*—Ed.)

Furniture Profiteering.

"To-day my wife, with some experienced relations, went on a tour of inspection of furniture, and made notes of prices. She was shown suites of bedroom furniture, less wardrobe, less bed, at prices from £80 to £200, and her relatives stated that they themselves bought similar suites five years ago from £30 to £75. Dining-room easy chairs were priced at £20 to £35 each. I hazard a guess that the total cost of material and manufacture of one of those £20 chairs probably works out at about £4."—Kenneth A. Kirk, Mount View Road, Stroud Green.

(*This is a real grievance, particularly for the men of moderate means.*—Ed.)

Army Pensions.

"'A Ranker,' says he is not grousing without cause at £200 a year. I enlisted in 1888; discharged in 1890 with heart trouble. No home service. I was given 7d. a day for 12 months. Then as I was earning 15s. a week they took the 7d. off. For nearly three years now I have been helpless, so I wrote to them again and they gave me 7d. a day to live on, so I have got nothing to grouse about."—Late Private F. Haynes, Dundonald Road, Didsbury.

(*We do not know whether our friend's letter is "writ sarcastic," but we hope so.*—Ed.)

Politeness in Business.

"One very important matter we as a maritime nation ought to concern ourselves with is the becoming urbanity, suavity, and self-deportment of the foreigner when dealing in the markets of the world. The French, Danish and Norwegian peoples and our brave Allies generally, are most polite in salutation and every-day courtesies. We loyal and staid Britishers, alas! lack the refinement and debonair of the foreigner."—G.W. Dick, Morton Street, Lieth.

(*An excellent idea. We might do worse than emulate the custom of the French and assure all our correspondents—whether business, or private—of our "high consideration."*—Ed.)

Miners and Army.

"I should like to inform 'Corporal and Driver, Sheerness,' that they would soon alter their opinion if they had to work in a coalpit for any longer than eight hours. They evidently do not understand what the six hours is for. It is to enable the owners to employ all demobilised soldier miners. I suppose they would be satisfied to work for army pay, but if they give it a trial they will find that they have a better job where they are now."—H. O. H., Lewis Villas, Pengam.

(*No doubt the view above expressed will be brought before the Government in the Conferences now about to take place. In any case we must not further the coal strike.*—Ed.)

Our Prisoners.

"It is much to be regretted that the Government are using our prisoners of war for further service. Apart from the unfairness of this, after knowing the terrible sufferings these men have gone through, it had been stated that prisoners would not be used again—so these men have been anticipating early release. This has caused keen disappointment and dissatisfaction."—F. Sergeat, Sevenoaks, Kent.

(*We quite agree that every prisoner of war ought to receive specially favourable treatment—and that without any further delay.*—Ed.)

Peace and the Poor.

"It is proposed to spend £1,000 on peace celebrations here shortly which will be wasted in a lot of fanfare and forgotten in a few days. I would suggest that this money be put to head a list of subscriptions for the purpose of raising a substantial sum to build and endow a number of Alms-houses as a constant memorial of the Great War. Up to the present no one seems to have bothered much about the very poor people here—simply put them out of sight in the workhouse. I am led to assume that the council and others do not wish the respectable visitors to see that age and poverty abound here as well as elsewhere."—Thos. Berry, Leamington.

(*No doubt there will be much waste of money—but public sentiment must have an outlet.*—Ed.)

The "Old Contemptibles."

"We are all service men who answered our country's call on August 5th, 1914, and went on active service on Aug. 10th, 1914. We are still waiting to be demobi ised, and from what I can understand, if through no fault of our own we are held back, we are not entitled to the increase of pay, although the majority of us have been serving four years out of the four and a half of the war"—"An Old Contemptible," 3rd Batt. Suffolk Regt., Felixstowe.

(*We are calling the attention of Mr. Churchill to this communication. "'Old Contemptibles' first" should undoubtedly be the rule.*—Ed.)

One View of Bolshevism.

"The Bolshevist is a monster of frightful mien,
And to be hated needs but to be seen. But seen too oft, too familiar his face, At first we pity, then endure and then embrace."—W. Birchmore, Riverdale Road, Erith.

(*We have forwarded a copy of the above to the Poet Laureate with the hint that he should look to his laurels.*—Ed.)

"Peace Bonds."

"The machinery which called upon us to invest in War Bonds should now be used to interest u in Peace Bonds, this money to be used in the way the Prime Minister indicated in his Reconstruction programme, and so alleviate the distress and unemployment which threaten our country at present. There are many people who have idle money which they are afraid to invest in stocks, etc., but who would for the sake of patriotism invest in Construction Bonds for even less interest than War Bonds."—W. Meredith, Cotterell Street, Hereford.

(*We quite agree that a great Peace Loan, in the form of Peace Bonds, should be issued without delay. And how a scheme of Premium Bonds would help it!*—Ed.)

"Men and Methods."

"Men! men!! men!!! Richboro' is calling for them; over 6,000 are wanted. The S.E. and C.R. are simply yelling for them to clear their Dover to Folkestone line—and some of the men who are willing to take a job are kicking their heels, doing nothing in the Service. The Labour Exchange cannot move until you are discharged. The authorities cannot spare you as there is such a lot of 'nothings to do.' And they say we want to get ahead of Germany! Who wants to give Germany time to pick up again?"—E. C. C., Dover.

(*We would suggest that our correspondent should send a copy of his letter to President Wilson. He has undoubtedly hit the spot.*—Ed.)

That German Fleet.

"I see it is suggested by the Naval Peace Terms that all the German battleships, etc.. surrendered to the British shall be destroyed at some future date. This seems to me both a wasteful and wrong way to deal with these valuable prizes. I would suggest that they should be given to or bought by the different Boroughs around our sea coast, all guns, etc. removed, and then fitted up like, let us say, houseboats, where invalids could spend their time pending full recovery at a nominal cost covering the expense of running them."—Innes Sharpe, Wrottesley Road, Harlesden.

(*We agree that the destruction of the German fleet would be absolute and wanton waste. The sinking of one of the enemy's battleships on the site of the Lusitania crime might, however, be considered.*—Ed.)

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(*Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund."*)

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Homeless in London:—A poor woman, eighty years of age, came from Lancashire to visit her son at Rochampton Hospital. After taking refreshment in a tea shop she discovered that she had lost her purse. Pitiful results followed; she had no bed for two nights, having to take refuge in a cold railway station. When she visited us she was worn out from the want of rest, and heartbroken over her experiences. Had she made her way to Long Acre immediately after her accident she would have been spared much privation.

Home Broken Up:—An ex-soldier, discharged without a pension and suffering from valvular disease of the heart, finds it impossible to work more than a few days at a time. He has had to sell his home as he could not pay the rent. His wife is not strong enough to work. There is also a young child to keep. Such cases are, unfortunately, only too common, and are always sure of our practical sympathy.

A Weary Watching:—A soldier's wife has been attending upon her mother during six months' trying illness, and has been put to considerable expense. The old lady died, uninsured, and could not be buried until funds were forthcoming.

Distressing Circumstances:—An aged widow finds life very hard since she lost her two sons in the war. She receives a small pension on behalf of one of them, but the other was married and nothing in the way of financial help is allowed her on his behalf. She is past work, and dependent upon occasional outside relief to eke out her pittance.

Another Widow's Cares:—Her husband died from the effects of shell-shock, after his discharge from the service. She has been trying all possible means of struggling along unaided, but her health would not allow her to work any longer.

Pledged Boots to Pay Rent:—In this case the bread-winner—another discharged man—has been out of work for three weeks, and the baker's bill, milk bill, and rent had to be paid at the cost of pledging clothing.

A Few more from the List:—

Doctor's bill for £4 presented to soldier's wife, who already had other debts on hand.

Sailor's wife met with accident, and had to lay up for some weeks. Rent owing.

Son of aged widow died after release from the Army. No pension or insurance.

On leave from France. Money required for dentures.

Two daughters of discharged man died from pneumonia; no insurance; doctor's bill unpaid.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WHAT HAVE *YOU* GIVEN?

(*Although there has been a cessation of active hostilities at the Front, there is not only no diminution in the number of claims which we receive from soldiers and sailors and their wives and dependents, but an actual increase. Indeed, this war will leave a legacy of trouble and suffering for many years, which it will be the privilege of ourselves and our readers to do what we can to assuage.*)

Surplus Canteen Money, H.M.S. *P* 18 (per G. B.), £2 3s.; "A Soldier's Child," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. C. (Hull), 2s.; H. S., 2s 6d.; Mrs. E. P (Eltham), 1s.; H. R. B. (Liverpool), 1s.; J. B. (Doncaster), 1s.; J. M. (France), 1s.; S. M. (Plumstead), 1s.; E. N. (Walton), 3s.; W. H. B. (Inverness), 1s.; H. W. (Pontefract), 10s.; J. A. C. (Java), 10s.; "Eyes On Peace Con.," 10s.; R. H. (Auchenblae), 5s. 6d.; R. W. (Norwich), 2s. 6d.; Lower Deck Ratings H.M.T. *Fuji*, £2 10s.; E. H. (Thornton-le-Fylde), 1s. 6d.; J. S. (Coatbridge), 6d.; F. C. J. (Bedford), 2s. 6d.; J. H. (Liverpool), 9d.; F. A. (Mountain Ash), 1s.; Collected on board s.s. *Stentor* (per W. C.), £7; S. S., 5s.; "Marie," 2s.; "Well-Wisher" (Exmouth), 1s.; E. A. N. (Wisbech), 2s. 6d.; "Kit," 2s. 6d., "Pte. T. F.," 3s. 6d.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; Mrs. R. H., 5s.; W. P. (Beverley), 2s.; "One Red and Three Blue," 2s. 6d., "Taxi Driver 3272," 1s.; C. T. P., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. J. W. (Glasgow), 5s.; G. H. (St. Helens), 2s. 6d.; "Disgusted" (Littlehampton), 3s. 9d; A. F. E. (Hammersmith), 1s.; Apprentices and P.O.s s.s. *Eastville* (per A. L.), £1 5s.; F. H. W. (Whitby), 10s.; G. C. (Hull), 5s.; "Baba," £3 3s.; "Stan's Last Money," 2s.; M. M. (Devonport), 6d., J. G. (Glasgow), 6d; "In Memory of Jock," 1s.; T. B. E. (Alnwick), 6d.; R D., 4d.; Mrs. M. L., 1s.; Mrs. M F. (Dorchester), 1s., J. G. (B.E.F.), 1s.; "Manchester," £1 0s. 6d.; G. A. B. (Brighton), 9d.; E. C T. (Liverpool), 2s.; "A St. Ives Man," 10s.; W. R. G. G., 1s.; "Kia Ora," 10s., "Grateful," 2s.; "Taxi Driver 3272," 1s.; A. J. J. (Wrexham), 2s.. "The Idiot," 5s.; "One of the Little 1914 Soldiers," 3 frs., K. S. (Bristol), 5s.; "Bingo" (Twickenham), 5s.; E. J. (Redington), 1s.; J. S., 5s.; "Jo?oo and Jessie," 1 dollar;; "Try Again 5625," 10s.; Anon. 2s. 6d.

HOW TO AVOID INFLUENZA AND OTHER INFECTIOUS DISEASES.

"Purify the blood and keep it pure or the poisons will soon lower the vitality and disease-resistance, thus rendering you easy prey for the dangerous germs which lurk in the air everywhere," says medical man.

Advises drinking alkaline medicinal water for quick results. Gives prescription for easily preparing it at home. Flushes the kidneys, stimulates the liver, and thoroughly washes out clogged intestines. These latter breed blood poisons as a swamp breeds mosquitoes.

A famous specialist of international reputation recently said that a person with really pure blood has little to fear from influenza or other infectious diseases. The germs of these are in the air constantly and to avoid any chance of exposure to them is practically impossible, but the blood, when pure, of course has the power to resist their development and render them harmless, otherwise no one would be immune.

Impure blood means poor health always, for this vital fluid is the body's only source of nourishment, and when loaded with impurities it cannot carry nourishment at the same time. Such a condition should be avoided with the utmost care just now, or corrected as soon as possible if it already exists. Delay may quickly lead to depressed nerves, deranged vital organs, and lowered vitality, which reduces the body's disease-resistance to a point so far below the danger mark as to render anything from a common cold to pneumonia not only possible at any time, but even probable.

Liver-irritating cathartic drugs or bowel-convulsing purgatives are not what you need to purify the blood. They are likely to weaken and upset the digestion, to impoverish the blood, and so make matters still worse. To obtain quick and satisfactory results in a perfectly harmless way, get a small supply of alkia saltrates from any chemist. Dissolve a level teaspoonful in a tumbler of water, and drink this pleasant-tasting medicinal water once or twice a day. It will quickly be absorbed into the blood, and when being filtered out again by the kidneys it takes with it all the acidulous or other impurities which it has absorbed and neutralised while in the blood. It also washes out the intestines, gently stimulates the liver, and thoroughly flushes the kidneys. Trying to get rid of blood impurities in any other way is, in my opinion, merely wasting time.

CATARRH, DEAFNESS, EAR NOISES.

Send for Free Copy of Sir Hiram Maxim's New Book and learn of a quick and easy Common Sense Home Cure.

Readers of "John Bull" are strongly recommended to send for this concise little book, which has already enabled thousands to cure easily and quickly at home most cases of Catarrh, Deafness, Ear Noises, Bronchitis, and Asthma.

The book and full particulars, describing one of Sir Hiram's most wonderful discoveries, will be sent free to all applicants on receipt of name and address.

Thousands of sufferers have already cured their ailments by following the advice given. Send no money. Simply write to the Sole Licensees,

JOHN MORGAN RICHARDS & SONS, LTD. (Dept. J.B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

LEGION OF HONOUR FROM THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT

HAVE A SMOKE WITH ME—FREE OFFER
CIGARS & CIGARETTES AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

Mr. Theeman, the **CIGAR SPECIALIST**, of Regent Street, offers to the British Public a **BOX OF 25 HAVANA LEAF** British made **CIGARS, 12/6 POST FREE. MONEY REFUNDED IN FULL IF NOT APPROVED, NO DEDUCTION BEING MADE FOR THE CIGAR THAT HAS BEEN SMOKED**

High-class **Hand Made** Virginia **Cigarettes** 7/- 100
" " " Turkish " 8/- 100
" " " Egyptian " 8/- 100

All goods are sent post free and Money Refunded in Full—no deduction for postage.
Send Postal Order or cheque to my only address,

THEEMAN,
24A, Regent Street, London, W.1.
Special terms to trade.

Make 'Old Bill' your Daily Companion

by getting a set of Bairnsfather Handkerchiefs. Each bears a delightful portrait of "Old Bill," with copyright designs and wordings of humorous incidents in "Old Bill's" army life.

BAIRNSFATHER HANDKERCHIEFS

Screamingly funny. Ten different Selections.
Made of very fine mercerised lawn, full size 21 in. by 21 in.
Obtainable from all leading Drapers and Gents' Outfitters. If any difficulty in obtaining write to **James Gallaher Ltd., 9 & 10, Market Place, Oxford Circus, London W.1,** who will send name of nearest supplier.
Phone: Museum 910. Wire: "Womanhood, Wesdo, London."

Dainty Box of 1 dozen (assorted) for **14/6**
Also loose 6 for 7/3
3 for 3/7½
Single Handkerchiefs 1/2½ each.

TINT YOUR **GREY HAIR** the proper natural colour with
SHADEINE.

The universal favourite. It is instantaneous permanent & harmless. Always reliable. No unnatural tints.

Trial bottle 2d., post 1½d., 1/4 size 1/7; 2/6 size 4/-.
Of all Chemists, or direct from THE SHADEINE CO. Dept. J.B., 56, Westbourne Grove, London W

Like Burning Treasury Notes

—when you buy foods without regard to their calories value.

The Ministry of Food show the nourishing value of foods by the number of calories (food units) they contain. You need from 2,500 to 3,500 calories a day according to the work you do.

Your food problem is to supply your food needs in attractive form at lowest cost. Look at these comparisons:—

Cost of 1,000 Calories.

In Quaker Oats	about	3½d.
„ Bacon	„	1/0½
„ Ham	„	1/4¾
„ Eggs	„	5/10½
„ Fish	„	7/3½

Therefore, to serve some foods instead of Quaker Oats is like burning Treasury Notes. You can cut down your food bill and nourish your family at exceptionally low cost by serving more Quaker Oats.

Follow the directions on the Quaker Oats packet—it is easy to make the most appetising porridge and many other nourishing and delightful dishes.

Quaker Oats

Excels in Food Value and Economy.

QUAKER OATS, LTD., FINSBURY SQUARE, E.C.2.

393

Fill up your Free Fire Insurance forms—see page 16.

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

Many Complaints:—What is up with the Pay Office of the R.A.F. at Woking? It seems to be in a very rotten condition, according to the catalogue of complaints which we receive almost daily. We make all allowance for under staffing and the extra work caused by demobilisation; but consider that something should be done to improve the machine.

Shiver and Grouse:—The 385th Labour Company, at South Raglan Barracks, Devonport, are mostly men of about 50 years of age. They are not provided with fires, and those who have teeth have been chattering them and grousing. The officers, however—as readers will surmise—are in different case.

The Derbyites:—We want the War Office to reconsider the status of the men who enlisted under the original Derby scheme. They were told that their Reserve service would count, but they have been diddled out of it.

Unhappy "Greenjackets":—The 21st Rifle Brigade in India is at present largely composed of cripples crocked up by active service. They would be hopelessly useless in a rush, and ought to be brought home.

Cadging:—Some officers and men attended at a branch of the War Office the other day for demobilisation. They were confronted by a letter signed by a Lieut.-Colonel, asking for subscriptions for a testimonial to a Brigadier-General—which is, of course, against King's Regulations. In September last the same general officer addressed a letter to a friend, expressing a wish to save him from having "to associate with the class of men that are now going through the ranks." Army Council, attention, please!

"JACK."

"Indispensable":—H.M.S. *Messenger* has been lying alongside the wharf at Rosyth since early in December, the men seemingly having nothing to do but to collect and saw firewood. Yet when the crew ask to be demobilised they are told they are indispensable.

Out in the Cold:—The stewards and cooks of the Mercantile Marine Reserve serving on the paddle minesweepers do not benefit from the grant of gratuities. This is unfair, and we have no doubt is due to the official system of cheeseparing in order to please the Treasury.

Kept On:—Bluejackets are officially led to believe that when their ships pay off they are entitled to demobilisation. The *Inflexible* some time ago arrived at Sheerness, flying the paying off pennant, but the men are still kept on. No satisfaction can be obtained from the Commander, who appears to disregard paragraph II. of the Admiralty pamphlet on demobilisation.

The Little Ships:—Last December it was decided to send home to be demobilised the trawler ratings who have been longest in the Mediterranean. On arriving here some of the crews find that they are shown the door without any allowance for the leave to which they were entitled, and did not receive. Another mean trick of the Treasury.

A Funny Reason:—H.M.S. *Trefoil* lay off Greenock for over a fortnight, but no liberty whatever was granted to the men, the official excuse being that the crew to man the shore-boat would have to be paid overtime!

Overlooked.?—Has the Admiralty forgotten the drifters that have been lying practically idle at Kirkhall for some months past?

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of discharged Sailors' and Soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or other information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

A Betterment: We have commented upon cases in which employees of the L. and N.W. Railway Company who have returned from the Army were more or less turned down because they had enlisted without permission. We are glad to hear from the Company that in future no man will be victimised because in the early days he shouldered a rifle on his own.

The G.P.O.:—We have many declarations by responsible Ministers of the anxiety of the Government departments to employ demobilised men. But performance does not bear out this promise. We would ask the Postmaster-General, for instance, why ex-Service men who apply to his department for employment are turned down. We have many specific cases in mind, and are indeed afraid that he is sometimes actually giving preference to those Bolshevic fanatics styling themselves the "Independent Workers of the World."

Two Cases:—The experiences of two patriotic men are instructive; W. A. Lovelock, of West Hendon, who served in the Navy and has a "very good" character, was turned down by the Post Office because "women are doing the work." H. Nield, of Birmingham, upon demobilisation, asked for his old job at the G.P.O. Birmingham Stores Department. He too was sent empty away—in his case because he had joined the Regular Army. Cannot Mr. Illingworth do better than this?

Hope for Officers:—We are glad to say that as regards officers and men of higher education things are more promising. They can obtain particulars of many good vacant berths at the Appointments Department, Ministry of Labour, which possesses district offices, the addresses of which may be obtained at the Labour Exchanges. Employers who want high-grade men, and the men who want such jobs, should note.

RACING NOTES AND ANTICIPATIONS.

By "THE SQUIRE."

SELECTIONS FOR HURST PARK—WATERBED AND THE NATIONAL.

With the break in the frost we had a resumption of racing last week, first at Sandown Park, to which the Hurst Park meeting was transferred, and then at Gatwick. On all four days, however, the weather conditions were of the most dismal character, but sportsmen are hardy folk and it takes a lot to keep them away when there is any chance of carrying on. I am glad I was able to give my readers one or two good winners, the success of CORYDON being particularly acceptable. I have always entertained a high opinion of Mr. Bottomley's sturdy young horse—and I am far from sure that if the much discussed match with WATERBED had come off he would have been disgraced. In the same way I do not underrate CANUTE's performance at Gatwick. I am told that the four-year-old which beat him is extremely useful—and I look forward to the meeting of the Editor's horse and CAROL SINGER at Sandown with interest.

As I write, prospects for Windsor next week are very unpromising, and I shall therefore confine myself to Sandown Park. Now that form is establishing itself, we ought to find a few more winners. Before giving my predictions, however, I will give the result of my inquiries respecting the Grand National, and they are that, despite his fall the other day, WATERBED will win. As a matter of fact, the fall may do him good. I know that at home he makes light of the biggest jumps, whilst he is an infinitely stronger weight-carrier than POETHLYN, and, as we saw at Lingfield eighteen months ago, easily has the foot of him for speed. Bar a fall, therefore, WATERBED is my tip for those who *will* have a bit on the event. Personally, I have long since given up doing so, as on an average of 25 runners and 20 fallers, it is not good enough. Indeed, to my mind the whole character and conditions of the race will have to be remodelled. At present it is not really a race at all, but a circus.

These are my selections for Sandown:—

THURSDAY.

Great Western Hurdle, CANUTE.
Ember Steeplechase, MINSTREL PARK.
Waterloo Hurdle Race, STAINTON.
February Steeplechase, SERGEANT MURPHY.
Granby Steeplechase, BELL TOLL.
Four-Year-Old Hurdle Race, LLANS LUCRE.

FRIDAY.

Winchfield Steeplechase, THE LAST.
Combe Springs Hurdle, MONARD.
Byfleet Steeplechase, POLLEN.
Aissele Hurdle Race, DIAZ.
D'Abernon Steeplechase, BERNERAY.
Warren Hurdle Race, STARR.

Large and enthusiastic audiences have attended the exhibition of the "Hidden Hand" film all over the country. It can be seen this week at Romford, Sinclair Cinema; Stockport, Brinksway Pictorium; Tyldesley, Miners' Hall; Armadale, Star Cinema; and next week at Broughty Ferry Picture House; Ashford (Kent), Picture Palace; Stockport, Hazel Grove Cinema; Irlam, Globe Cinema.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"BRADFORD DAILY TELEGRAPH" (advertisement):—
"—— Tablets — an honest remedy at an honest price, 1s. 3d. per box of 40 DEATHS."

"CAMBRIA DAILY LEADER" (advertisement):—
"54 EGGS a week WITH——Spice. Then 180 EGGS a week WITHOUT it. Then back again to 54 EGGS a week with ——, was the experience of a poultry keeper last winter. Moral: NEVER leave —— off."

"SOUTH WALES ECHO" (advertisement):—
"Wanted; Lodgings . . . by SINGLE GENTLEMAN with SMALL OR NO FAMILY."

"WALSALL OBSERVER":—
"If a State breaks the rules of war, sets at defiance the usages of civilisation, we justly hold it up to APPROBATION."

"DERBY DAILY EXPRESS" (advertisement):—
"Wanted, Cashier, SMART MAN OVER 30, EXEMPT FROM MILITARY SERVICE."

"ISLE OF WIGHT COUNTY PRESS" (advertisement):—
"MAN wanted TO GO WITH HORSE IN FURNITURE VAN."

"ANSWERS":—
"Another wonderful plant is 'The Leaf of Life found in Japan. You SIMPLY CANNOT KILL THIS PLANT. . . . The only way botanists can keep a specimen is to KILL IT WITH A HOT IRON."

"HALIFAX WEEKLY COURIER":—
"Mrs. ——, WIDOW . . . left estate valued at £1,230. Mr. —— ——, HER HUSBAND, is one of the executors."

BOVRIL, LTD.

MR. GEORGE LAWSON JOHNSTON ON FOOD PRICES.

Presiding at the annual general meeting of Bovril, Ltd., Mr. George Lawson Johnston (chairman), in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said he referred at length last year to the increase in the cost of food, and he regretted to find that during 1918 all records had been broken. The "Labour Gazette" of January last showed that the general level of prices for the principal articles of food was, in December, 1918, 130 per cent. above the level for July, 1914. Part of this could doubtless be explained by the increased cost of production arising from higher freights, wages, etc., but there were many prices which could not be fully justified by these economic causes alone. They would, he thought, agree that much of the discontent and unrest which had been so evident during the past year was owing in no small measure to the increased cost of living and more especially to the higher prices of the food of the people. To attempt by raising wages to correspond with the high prices of food was not settling the matter; it was only starting a very vicious economic circle that must soon entail still higher food costs. The only real solution of the problem was to get food prices down wherever present actual production costs would warrant it.

They were themselves manufacturers of a product of which beef was the raw material, and, owing to the world scarcity of cattle, beef was above its pre-war value. Nevertheless, throughout the war they had kept the Bovril flag flying as a national food that had not raised its price. The selling price of Bovril was the same to-day as it was in July, 1914, though it cost them very much more to produce. This was an achievement of which they could all feel justly proud. He believed it was the duty of a great food company like Bovril not to raise its price during those terrible years of war, if it were possible by organising its raw material supplies in the Southern hemisphere, where beef was cheaper, and by organising its sales, they could retain its pre-war prices. This they had successfully accomplished. He was satisfied the credit of that somewhat unique attainment would redound to the credit of the company for years to come, and they as shareholders had every right to feel that they had assisted in a laudable and patriotic course of action. He believed, too, that they had the great majority of their shareholders with them in this policy. If there were any shareholders who thought that Bovril ought to have joined in the profiteering campaign, he would like to explain for their benefit that it would have been neither worthy nor worth their while to have done so. To earn an additional 1 per cent. dividend, free of tax, on their deferred shares (£7,500) they would have had to increase their selling price by £53,571, of which £46,071 would have gone in excess profits and income tax. The result would have been, they would have been stigmatised as profiteers on a large scale, instead of standing out, as they did, as a prominent example of the antithesis of that undesirable section of the community.

As stated in the report, their trade towards the close of the year was considerably curtailed through lack of bottles. The large reserves the company held had been exhausted, and the British bottle manufacturers, despite their best efforts, were quite unable to manufacture even half the quantity required. Containing-vessels of a valuable food like Bovril became almost as important as the food itself, seeing that it was impossible to get the food into the hands of the public without the containers. Therefore, restrictions that stood in the way of importing bottles from America were in this case depriving the public of an essential article of food at a very critical time.

The report was unanimously adopted; and a resolution increasing the temporary borrowing powers of the company agreed to.

Presiding on the 13th. inst. at the ordinary general meeting of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company's Managing Committee, the chairman (Mr. Cosmo Bonsor), alluded to the great work performed by the captains and crews of the cross-Channel boats in life-saving and otherwise.

Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

THERE are many Shaving Soaps—but only one Gibbs's—the Cold Cream Shaving Soap which affords a delightful creamy lather, quickly softens the beard and leaves the skin cool and plastic. Your great-grandfathers used it and you cannot do better.

Gibbs's COLD CREAM Shaving Soap

Price 7d. and 1/- of all Chemists.

Generous Trial Samples of Shaving Soap, Dentifrice and Cold Cream Soap sent on receipt of 3d. in Stamps.

D. & W. GIBBS, LTD. (Dept. 13), Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E.x.

(Estd. 1712)

Are you troubled by Asthma?

Are you being almost suffocated by that horrid strangling cough? Are you kept awake night after night? Don't suffer longer, but get Potter's Asthma Cure. Gives instant relief, and works wonders in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough and other lung troubles. *The best remedy for bronchitis of children.*

POTTER'S Asthma Cure

is quite safe to use. It contains no opiates and neither causes headaches nor bad after-effects.

Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists, herbalists and stores for 1s. 6d., or post free 1s. 9d., from Potter and Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

A Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, together with a little book "Are you Asthmatic?" will be sent if you

Sign this Form to-day

and post it to the above address.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

John Bull .....

MAZDA

DRAWN WIRE **ELECTRIC LAMPS** will save you a lot of current while giving you a lot of light.

Sold by all Electrical Contractors, Ironmongers & Stores

BRITISH THOMSON-HOUSTON CO LTD. 77 UPPER THAMES ST. LONDON, E.C.4.

The most generous scheme of Insurance ever offered by any Newspaper.

£250,000

(a quarter of a million pounds)

(FREE)

FIRE, BURGLARY, HOUSE BREAKING, and ACCIDENT

INSURANCE

The Proprietors of the

ILLUSTRATED ILLUSTRATED

SUNDAY HERALD

have set aside a sum of £250,000 to provide its readers with a scheme of insurance so generous that no person should fail to take advantage of it, as it provides against risks common to all

The following are the benefits, and by signing the coupons below you become eligible at once.

(A)	£250	Insurance against Fire, Burglary, Housebreaking, Lightning, Explosion of Domestic Boiler or Gas used for household purposes, or Damage by Aeroplanes or Airships to Household Furniture and personal effects of the Registered Reader.
(B)	£100	Indemnity against Third Party Claims by the public in respect of Accidents happening on the Registered Reader's domestic premises.
(C)	£100	Property Owners' Indemnity (for every Reader who owns his house) against Claims by the public for personal injury in respect of such Accidents as falling slates, chimney pots, etc.
(D)	UNLIMITED	Indemnity against Claims by Domestic Servants under the Workmen's Compensation Act.
(E)	£250	Death by Accident to a Railway Train, Tram, Bus, or Taxi-cab in which Registered Reader is travelling as a fare-paying passenger.
(F)	£100	Death by Accident to an Aeroplane or Airship in which Registered Reader is travelling as a fare-paying passenger.
(G)	£50	Death by any other Accident, excluding only Accidents for which Compensation is payable under the Workmen's Compensation Act.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

Sign and hand one of these coupons to your Newsagent, and post the other to the "Wheels and Wings" Association, Ltd., 33-36, King William Street, London, E.C.4, who will send you a certificate of registration, also full particulars of the conditions governing the Insurance:

Hand this Form to your Newsagent.

To (Name of Newsagent) 1919

.....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve for me the "Illustrated Sunday Herald" until further notice.

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

Date.....1919

Post this Registration Coupon to

"Wheels and Wings" Association, Ltd., 33-36, King William St., London, E.C.4.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent. Please register me as a regular reader of the "Illustrated Sunday Herald."

Reader's Name.....

Address.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

Date 1919

A penny stamp must be affixed here by the subscriber to entitle to compensation. Write your name and address across it to cancel it. "J.B."

The ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY HERALD is the best and brightest of all Sunday papers, containing as it does pages of pictured news, Special Articles on Current Topics by the foremost writers, Gossip, &c., &c.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 92, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, *or* LEGAL *enquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other enquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.*

CPL. H. G. C. (Montazah Conv. Home, E.E.F.).—"Hope you will still take an interest in the boys." As long as we live, sonny, and, if possible, as long as we are dead.

"CLASS Z" (Chepstow).—"Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer, We'll keep the red flag flying here." We prefer the Union Jack.

LIEUT. (E.E.F., Palestine), imagines us addressing Mr. Lloyd George in the style of Omar Khayyam: "Ah, Lloyd, shalt thou and I with Fate conspire To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire; Shall not we shatter it to bits And then remould it nearer to the heart's desire?" We prefer that bit about the flowing bowl.

C. S. (Germany).—"You have told Wilson just what I and the rest of the boys in Germany think." We are thought readers, sonny.

A. T. (Ealing, W.) wants us to establish at once a "Common Sense League"; but we already have that in our two million readers.

T. F. (Preston).—No, we have no interest, direct or indirect, in the brewing industry—except that we think a glass of wholesome beer is a good thing for the workers.

"A WAAC" (Bromley).—"May I be allowed to express my feelings about so much fuss being made over a Beauty Competition for War Workers?" Certainly, dear. Shut the door and close the windows, and then let it rip.

T. G. (Johnstone).—"You might tie your leaves together a bit better." Bide a wee. Our machinery went phut! on a certain occasion, but we are getting new as soon as we can, just to oblige you.

"FORMER WAR WORKER."—The gist of the matter seems to be that since you have lost your job you want us to use our influence to clear out all the others. Nice girls mustn't be dogs in mangers.

Miss A. A. (Battersea Park).—We have never been unsympathetic towards the claims of working women, but you admit yourself that the boys from the Front have the first claim.

E. J. M (Frinton-on-Sea).—You may count on our support for any reasonable measure of Divorce Law Reform. Meanwhile you had better start converting the Bishops.

"SO LITTLE" (Burton-on-Trent).—We are already using "our powerful influence" on behalf of unwanted Army horses. Glad to receive any useful suggestions.

S. T. S. (Lewes).—"You appear to be well known at 'Ye Old White Hart' Hotel." Shush! Lord D'Abernon might be listening.

Mrs. F. N. (Temple Street).—As your son wisely says, "Why worry, when you can buy JOHN BULL for tuppence?"

"NOT A CONSCRIPT" (Stockwell) says that to save expense "conchies" should be let out but compelled to wear a badge of base metal. A lot of people would say there is no metal base enough.

Mrs. S. J. M. (Ontario).—Sorry to hear of your unfortunate experiences on the voyage to Canada, the berths as you say being "only fit for cattle." We have not lost sight of this scandal.

"REGULAR READER" (Wollaston).—We quite understand that we are to hurry up and get you a supply of coal. Meanwhile, you might let us know how you are fixed for soap and biscuits.

A. G. (Liscard).—A poetess who tries to work such a fearsome word as "idiosyncrasy" into her rhymes deserves to be torn to pieces by wild compositors.

P. L. (Manchester).—We are not surprised that the Admiralty refused you an interview. If they announced that they were open to discuss the exploded theory of perpetual motion, Whitehall would be crowded with lunatics.

"JEAN" (Leith).—Our opinion is that a woman who wears a £15,000 sable coat—in this instance said to be Mrs. W. E. Corey, of New York—ought to wear sackcloth.

"SODA-WATER JOE" (New Zealand).—You think if we saw the beer you get out there, we should decline to "give it belly-room." Perhaps so; although our trouble with minerals is that they loosen our waistcoat-buttons.

M. A. B. (Reading).—As you very truly observe, "washing clothes and boiling peas is two different items." Probably the wrong directions had got in by mistake.

L. G. (Ponders End).—"All the strikers ought to have a week each." We are not quite clear whether you mean in gaol or in bed.

"BOB CRATCHIT" (Manchester).—A sudden addition to the Manchester Police, and at the same time a big increase in the number of burglaries? *Absit omen!*

"REGULAR READER" (Poplar).—Too true that everything has gone up except the Maternity Benefit. For 30s., war value, one cannot expect the gooseberry bush to be very productive.

W. R. (Eastbourne).—"I'm no poet you see." Absolutely; we could spot that with cataracts on both eyes.

"THE MOKE" (No Address).—Thanks for your long letter, which we have put aside to read during our summer holidays.

"A PATRIOT" (Anglesey).—We have your letter asking us to be rude to several of your neighbours. By next post please forward £10,000 as indemnity against possible libel actions.

D. S. M. (Brazil).—"Your paper is always read with great interest by the British colony here." How can we keep modest when you tell us things like that?

L.-C. W. G. (Havre).—"To settle a wager, is Hants short for Hampshire?" Yes; and pants is short for pantaloons.

GR. P. C. (B.E.F., France).—Get you a small holding in Ireland? Goodness gracious us! You might as well ask us to get you a slice of the moon, or a bottle of Scotch!

W. H. A. (H.M.S. V——.).—"To settle a bet, how many elements has *H.M.S. Monmouth* in her largest boiler?" One—water. The guns had another; that was—*Fire!*

"DAUGHTER" (London, S.W.).—We also should be disgusted "to see an elderly female wearing a large placard worded: 'We protest against the imprisonment and persecution of our innocent conscientious objectors.'"

"SCOTTY" (Victoria, B.C.) suggests as the title for our Notes "The World, the Flesh and the Hun(g)." When the Hun's hung, peradventure.

N.P. (Hadley).—"A toast: 'Champagne for real friends! Real pain for sham friends!'" Government beer answers in the second case.

H. S. (Birmingham).—Oh, yes; we have our eye on those German groundrents—which, as you say, cannot run away.

"DISCHARGED GUNNER" (Egyptian Expeditionary Force).—Sorry you should feel that E.E.F. stands for "Expedition Everyone's Forgotten." Believe us, you are wrong, though there is some ground for your complaint.

"READER" (Bath).—The way to get fresh butter is to use the glad eye on the people who have it to sell.

"UNDER DOG" (Seaforth).—We note that when you were left a widow with eight children the Union allowed you 18s. a week to keep the lot. Judging by the way you did it, you deserve the D.S.O.

J. C. (London, E.C.).—Afraid cannot suggest how you can get more money, unless you try a few handsprings behind an omnibus.

"FED UP."—"Dear JOHN, can you think of some sort of plan that will get me away from this Isle of Man?" Dear George, may your soul no longer be vexed, and don't be downhearted, your turn may be next.

"PLUMBER" (Kettering).—"Are the Universal Trading Co. any cop?" They are all on the cop.

"BELMODA" (S. Devon), a W.A.A.C., says she "cannot face those appalling and spitting Americans." Like many another well-intentioned woman, you are obviously not suited to the hard life of a Waac.

W. S. R. (Hartlepool).—"What would you do if you had a big family and nothing coming in?" Twice a week, at least, we should take them out to dinner at the Vicar's.

T. K. (Brighton).—"When I was in prison I wrote a letter, but the being called the Governor stopped it, though I told him I was a friend of yours." He must be a sceptic.

Mrs. J. R. M. (Macclesfield).—Only last week a lady competitor secured the "Bullets" First Prize of £1,000.

P. I. (Clyde).—Well, things aren't always what they scream. Nor politicians either.

Mrs. G. S. (Finchley).—"I wonder if the gentlemen who make the laws have any children themselves." We believe most of them have owned up to one or two.

PTE. J. C. M. (Seaforth).—"May I express my opinion of the German prisoners in Somerset?" Better not, for if it's like ours it will be unfit for publication.

T. W. D. (Hadleigh).—"Can you call to mind Christmas Eve night 1917?" Rather! And we can call to mind the morning after the night before.

H. R. (Bayswater, W.).—Your poetry made our hair stand up straight—for fear you might send us some more.

"ANONYMOUS."—"Find out what the chapel in Buck Sheet, Camden Town, is used for, for hours nearly every evening." For prayers, we devoutly trust.

J. D. C. (Gretna).—"Enclosed is a joke:—'*She:* To think that once we were puling and kicking babies! *He:* I never kicked a baby in my life.'" You omitted to enclose the joke.

"THE MESS" (Devonport).—"Can you solve this? A man once went to a pub. for eight gallons of beer—" It's long odds he didn't get it—not since there was a war on, anyway.

J. W. K. (B.E.F.).—As you already have a JOHN BULL Pen yourself, you may, as you suggest, save your coupons and obtain another one for your friend.

J. C. S. (Dormans).—"I think I have some money to come; do not know who donor is or where I have to go for it, or what form it is to be given me in. If it is not due to me yet, tell me what I have to do before it is." All you can do is open your mouth and shut your eyes.

"UNINSURABLE" (Lancashire).—With much of what you say we are in warm agreement. Let's hope this won't make you conceited and rude to your children.

D. P. F. M. (Taranto).—It never strikes us as a high compliment to say that a man "deserves the O.B.E." Personally, we would rather have a couple of bananas.

"SWEEP" (Hadleigh).—That is a pleasing tract in which the reader is asked what he will do when he has "exchanged his black coat for a shroud." Still, such literature comes handy for wrapping fish in.

A. D. (Frog Hall).—So "the children say they love the vicar so much they could kiss him." Can't they reach or does he dodge them?

"NEGLECTED" (France).—Very kind of you to send us "fifty men's congratulations," but you might have got them to sign their names. We could then have had them inscribed on vellum and hung up over the mantelpiece.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

READERS ARE INVITED TO VISIT OUR

NEW PEN SHOWROOM

87, LONG ACRE,

(Nearest Tube Station—Covent Garden),

where the full range of "JOHN BULL" PENS can be inspected and—if desired—tested.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3s. and 1½d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 1½d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1s. Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (*March 1st, 1919.*)

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

WE MUST CARRY ON

To gain the Peace, which is not yet secured. A big start in Demobilisation has already been made, and this will continue with all possible speed until the millions who can be spared are back in industry. But from now until Peace is secured we must maintain adequate military strength; in other words we must keep up forces on the Rhine and other fronts, and for the garrisons in India and other vital points in the British Empire, until they can be replaced by troops voluntarily enlisted for our after-war Army. This means keeping up **ARMIES OF OCCUPATION.** There are now

TWO CLASSES OF MEN IN KHAKI

1. The dispersable (or demobilisable) force, amounting to 2,500,000 men, or **three men out of every four** of the strength of our forces on 11th November, 1918, which will be released right away as fast **as ships and trains can carry the men and they can be absorbed in national life.**
2. The Armies of Occupation, which must at present be maintained at a strength of about 900,000, **or one man out of every four** of the strength of our forces on 11th November, 1918, but which will be gradually reduced as it becomes possible.

THE MEN WHO WILL BE KEPT

The Armies of Occupation are in the first instance to be comprised of

Men serving under pre-war conditions of service who have not completed their term of Colour service.

Men who joined the Colours on or after 1st January, 1916.

EXCEPT—

Men who are over 37 years of age.

And men who have more than two wound stripes.

As soon as possible, if the time, age, and wound limits laid down provide more men than are wanted, then the total set aside for the Armies we must maintain will be reduced by releasing in succession men of 36, men of 35, men with two wound stripes, and then the men of 34.

Remember this:

It will be possible to go on reducing the strength of the Armies of Occupation week by week until the day comes when OUR PEACE TERMS HAVING BEEN SECURED, no man will be left with the Colours who is not serving of his own free will.

The new scale of pay in the Army is very good. Men still with the Army can Volunteer for the Armies of Occupation and receive the new extra weekly pay given below, or they can re-enlist for 2, 3, or 4 years, receiving by yearly instalments bounties of £20, £40, and £50 respectively, as well as the new scale of weekly pay given below while serving in the Armies of Occupation at Home or Abroad.

The fit man who is not certain of his position in civil life for the next few years should **VOLUNTEER NOW** or **RE-ENLIST** while the present scheme remains open.

THE MEN TO BE DEMOBILISED

Men serving under pre-war conditions of service who have completed their term of Colour service.

Men who joined the Colours before 1st January, 1916.

Men who are over 37 years of age.

Men who have more than two wound stripes.

INDISPENSABLES

The maintenance of the Armies of Occupation and the dispersal of the demobilisable army make it imperative that some men of certain special services on the Lines of Communication and at the Bases and at Home, such as Railway troops, Royal Army Service Corps, and Pay and Record Staffs, &c., &c., must be retained, although within the demobilisable class, in order to carry on.

Such men are included in the Armies of Occupation as indispensable, and as such will get the same bonuses. They will not be retained a day longer than necessary, and their dispersal will begin as soon as substitutes can be found or they can be dispensed with. Fair is fair, and the men who joined up first are to be demobilised first. That is simple justice.

The men who are to be demobilised first will be released, as now, in order of their industrial importance.

HIGHER PAY FOR THOSE WHO STAY

The officers and men retained in the Armies of Occupation are while serving to receive the following weekly bonuses over and above their present pay:—

	per week. s. d.		per week. s. d.
Boys	5 3	Warrant Officers, Class I. ..	21 0
Private Soldiers ..	10 6	2nd Lieutenants ..	24 6
Paid Lance-Corporal ..	12 3	Lieutenants	28 0
Corporals	12 3	Captains	31 6
Sergeants	14 0	Majors	35 0
Colour-Sergeants		Lieut.-Colonels ..	38 6
Company Sergeant-Majors	17 6	Higher Ranks	42 0
Company Quartermaster-Sergeants			
Quartermaster-Sergeants			

These bonuses will be granted to men on duty in India and other garrisons overseas who cannot get home until fresh troops are ready to replace them.

Leave will be granted as generously as possible to men in the Armies of Occupation. Those in the Demobilisable Army will not be given leave except in cases of special urgency.

The Armies of Occupation will include those on the Rhine (the young battalions at home will be sent there to see Germany and the battlefields of Flanders), at Home, in the Middle East, the Detachment of the Far North and of Siberia, and the garrisons of the Crown Colonies and of India.

Men under 20 will be confined to service at Home or in the Rhine Army. They will not be sent elsewhere.

FIRST OUT, FIRST HOME

That is the just principle at the foot of the demobilisation plan. The scheme outlined here protects industry and does justice. The members of the Armies that must be maintained as efficient, well-disciplined force to back our demands at the Peace Conference, and to see that we get them, will have their compensation in bonus pay. The war-worn veterans of 1914-15, and the older men, will obtain release as fast as transport facilities can place them in employment.

ANY SOLDIER WHO WISHES FOR FURTHER DETAILS SHOULD APPLY TO HIS COMMANDING OFFICER.

Patience, Co-operation, and an intelligent appreciation of the Nation's needs, will win us the Peace.

"John Bull's" Great Free Fire Insurance—see page 16.

"BULLETS" BIG INCREASE

1ST PRIZE **£250** 1ST PRIZE

2ND PRIZE £20

3RD PRIZE £10

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2 10	25 PRIZES OF 10s.	200 PRIZES OF 5s.	1,000 PRIZES OF 2s. 6d.	3,000 "TARGET" PRIZES.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Thirty examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you:—Example:—Most Difficult To. Bullet:—Satisfy Labour's Demands. Example:—Paying Too Much. Bullet:—Profiteer Doesn't Think So. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated March 22nd.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 322.

BOTTOMLEY'S BUSINESS	THE BOLSHEVIK PERIL	OWING TO TOMMY	THE NEW WORLD	CAPITAL AND LABOUR
CALLING FOR ORDER	STRIKING HOME	WHEN BEER'S CHEAP	PULLING TOGETHER	WONDERFUL WOMAN
SOFT SOAP	HER NIGHT OUT	NOTHING BETTER THAN	A HARD TASK	AFTER THE HONEYMOON
PAYING TOO MUCH	MAKING MISCHIEF	PROVOKING THOUGHT	WAITING	WHY NOT?
WITHOUT SHAME	GETTING BUSY	LIKE OLD TIMES	NAUGHTY BOY	THE RIGHT STUFF
RAISING THE RENT	HOW MONEY GOES	CAN'T STAND	FINDING A JOB	MOST DIFFICULT TO

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 6th.
Example_____
Bullet
Example_____
Bullet
(322) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.
Signed_____
Address_____

BUT IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 6th.
Example_____
Bullet
Example_____
Bullet
(322) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.
Signed_____
Address_____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No 322 "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2
Write Competition in top left-hand corner of the envelope

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 323.

MAKES WILSON SMILE—OUR LODGER—SEEKING A HOME—A PRESSING QUESTION—GOOD ADDRESS—TRYING TO SETTLE—WHEN WIFE'S OUT—TOMMY'S BOSS—MAKES US THINK—A BIG BLUFF—EVERYBODY'S FRIEND—SAID ADAM TO EVE—A SERIOUS THREAT—THE MINERS—GIVING WARNING—GETTING THE BULLET—HARD TO BELIEVE—WHAT LABOUR WANTS—BOUNCING BABY—THE RIGHT TEAM.

These examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, MARCH 13th.** All coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **323** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons must be addressed "Bullets" **No. 323,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the Thirty examples for competition 322.

BULLETS RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received; and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Mr. R. Mitchell, 58, Chatsworth Avenue, Copnor, Portsmouth:
Britain's Future—Wages Doubled—Taxes Trebled.

Mr. F. Whapham, 73, Wilson Rd., Reading:
Britain's Future—Bigger Army—Of Officials.

Mr. J. H. Sullivan, Wickford, Essex:
Kind Friends—Germany's Idea Of League.

List of 10s. Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition 319, will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

Result of 319th "Bullets" Competition.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. P. HARTLEY,
100, Carter Street,
Greenheys, Manchester.
Example:—A Trying Time.
Bullet:—To "Master" Labour Troubles.

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. W. HODGE,
65, Rawlinge Road, Blackburn.
Example:—Dealing With Germany.
Bullet:—"First Test" Their Sincerity.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. B. WOOD,
Pultye, Sandhurst, Nr. Hawkhurst, Kent.
Example:—Perfect Peace.
Bullet:—London's Roar, After Sergeant's.

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. H. B. Glanville, 10, Bishop Street, Loughboro': Dealing With Germany—Trouble Must Be "Anticipated."
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mr. A. Neal, 41, Belvedere Rd., Bexley Heath, Kent: In Paris—"Little Remembrance" For Wise.
Mr. C. Holder, 18, Markham Square, Chelsea, S.W.: Settling Russia—Don't Send "Tommy" There.
Prof. E. F. Priestnall, 218, Wright-Rd., Saltley: Threatening To Strike—They Haven't Seen France.
Mr. R. H. Smith, 37, Reverdy Rd., Bermondsey, S.E.: What Tommy Expects—"Trouble Over"—His Release.
Mrs. C. M. Pickard, 94, Narborough Rd., Leicester: Threatening To Strike—Against "Union" Seems Irish.
Mrs. W. Foster, 11, Shaftesbury Ave., New Barnet: The Wrong Turning—Germany's New Leaf Apparently.
Mr. W. Lamb, 126a, Adderley Rd., Saltley, Birm'gh'm: Perfect Peace—If Agitators Held Theirs.
Mr. T. J. Hearn, 207, Ferry Rd., Jackfield, Salop: Kicking Over Traces—Germany, If Strikes Continue.
Miss Doris Hall, 130, Bede Burn Road, Jarrow: Can't Be Done—That's Why Many Succeed.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. A. J. Bailey, 47, Blaincuffin Road, Llanhilleth, Mon.:
Dealing With Germany—France Shows The Way.
Miss E. O'Sullivan, Burnham Villa, Ding'e, Co. Kerry:
Can't Be Done—"Recognising" Every European Republic.
Mr. A. T. Clark, 127, Dorchester Rd., Weymouth: Kicking Over Traces—Germany—Since Given Corn.
Mr. G. R. Cross, 18, Kent St., Birmingham: Getting Right Home—Political Failure Enters "Lords."
Mr. E. Neave, 19, Heather View, Little Town, Durham:
Dealing With Germany—Beatty Got Navy Cheap.
R.S.M. A. J. Tyrell, 13th Worcesters, Preston: Beater Without—His Uniform—Subaltern Shopping.
(Sent in on a "Free Target" Prize Coupon).
Mr. C. Bailey, 9, Denmark Rd., Camberwell, S.E.: Without Question—New Age—New Wage.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE, AND LIMB.

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex. **The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 8s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.**

We have made our insurance as simple and comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "Legal representative" or "next of kin." Claims will be paid to the registered reader, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. **A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.**

CONDITIONS.

This offer applies only to persons over 10 years and residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland, and Wales.

Any number of persons in one family may be separately insured provided an order for JOHN BULL is placed and a registration form is forwarded in respect of each person.

Claims, which must be confined to one of the benefits, must be received by us within three days of the loss or damage, and in the case of death such death must occur within thirty days, and as a direct and sole result of the injury.

Payment will be made subject to any rights which the claimant may have or acquire against, or under, any other Insurance Scheme, Company, or otherwise, and the Proprietors of JOHN BULL shall not be liable until the registered reader has exhausted his or her rights under such insurance.

This offer applies only to the dwelling-house, apartments, or dwelling rooms attached to business premises, of the registered reader, but not to business premises or stock-in-trade.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments under this scheme to £10,000, and to discontinue, or make any variation of this offer by the publication of notice in JOHN BULL.

The decision of the proprietors of JOHN BULL upon all questions shall be final.

In order to safeguard ourselves it is stipulated that a fire will not be recognised as such unless a call has been made upon the local Fire Brigade or appliance.

ORDER FORM

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To .....Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice

Signed.....

Address .....

.....

March 1, 1919.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
JOHN BULL INSURANCE DEPT., Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to certify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address.....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home.....

March 1, 1919. .....

WHAT WE WILL PAY

For Damage to contents of Home by Fire up to ...	£200
In Case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes, or One Limb and One Eye ...	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his, or her, employment, up to ...	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks	£1 Per Week

To remain qualified for the benefits, readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

Rheumatic Ailments

Are Now Things of the Past

Cured Easily at Home.

Book of Cure and Trial Package Free to-day

Everyone suffering from Rheumatic disturbances has equal right with hers who are more fortunate to enjoy a healthy, active and happy life, free from pain and stiffness, *and may—and should now do so.*

Many attestations from grateful sufferers have appeared in the Public Press, proving beyond doubt that "Curicones" cure when everything else failed. This remedy is the discovery of a well-known London Manufacturing Chemist and has on the last six years been put to the severest tests for

RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, GOUT, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA Etc.

It is now admitted to be the most successful of all home remedies. Never mind whether you are told that your trouble is due to Uric Acid, Microbes, or some other poison, "Curicones" cure because they remove the cause, whatever it is. This is the secret of their great success.

A Canterbury Testimony.

"The man that I have been getting your CURICONES for has received the greatest benefit from them. He had seen long service abroad and when the War broke out was sent to France. After three years there he was discharged as unfit, and could only hobble about with the greatest difficulty and pain. Thanks to CURICONES—to-day he is able to climb ladders, work on roofs of houses and walk six or seven miles at a stretch without feeling any ill effects. Your treatment has been in every way as satisfactory to him as it was to me." (R.A.)

It seems to be almost beyond belief that so many continue to suffer when there is such a sure and valuable home remedy as Curicones. So that all Sufferers may receive benefit without further delay, the secret of this wonderful discovery, with a free trial packet, will be sent to all who apply to-day.

There is no need to suffer longer! You may have been disappointed before, but "Curicones" are totally different to anything you have ever tried. Why endure those aching pains when you can be rid of them?

Give Curicones a trial and be one of those cured by this approved treatment. Others are being cured daily—why not you? Test it yourself. Don't send any money—not even a penny stamp. Just forward your name, address, and ailment, and the free book and trial packet will reach you by return.

STEPHEN MATTHEWS & Co., Ltd., Manf'g Chemists
(Dept. V/6), 19-21, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

I will teach YOU to play brilliantly without Drudgery or Fatigue

In a few months, and with less than half the usual practice, my modern, vivid, progress-compelling

Piano Correspondence Lessons

will give you such a grip of the Keyboard and ease in reading ordinary music, that you will play with spirit and feeling, Songs, Marches, Dances, Hymns, and many of the famous Classical Gems.

I guarantee success to any average person. Adult Beginners need not know a note.

Send a card to-day for my illuminating little book **"MIND, MUSCLE & KEYBOARD"**
It explains my System and shows what many hundreds, of all ages and stages, say it has done for their playing. **Judge for yourself what it can do for you.**

A Student of Middle Age.—"I often wonder if you realise just how much happiness your lessons bring. They not only quickly help one to play, but to play with feeling and expression."—Mrs. E. (Alexandria).

A postcard with **full address** (Mrs., Miss or Mr.) and the word Moderate, Elementary or Beginner will bring my book, with form for free advice and opinion by return

Mr H. BECKER,
81, Bristol House,
Holborn Viaduct,
LONDON, E.C 1.

A Secret Safe

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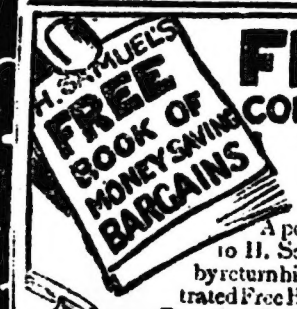

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